

Engraved for the Whimsical Jester.



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T H E

Whimsical Jester,

O R,

Robinson Ramo

ROCHESTER IN HIGH GLEE.

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X Strange EPITAPHS,
X ODD LETTERS, &c.

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To banish Sorrow, chear the Heart, enliven the Countenance, quicken the Senses, and procure Mirth and good Humour.

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GAY.

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THE
WHIMSICAL JESTER,

OR,

Rochester in High Glee.

*The Parson and the Fowls: or, the Maid too cunning
for the Master.*

A Rich old batchelor, a clergyman in the country, having made choice of a pretty young maid to be his house-keeper, had ordered, on a certain Sunday, a couple of fowls to be got ready for his dinner, that after he had given his congregation a little Christian consolation at church, he might come home and refresh his tired vitals with a dainty modicum; when the clerk and his loobily assistants had chimed all in, for about a quarter of an hour, away jogged the shepherd to fodder his sheep, and measure his time by the hour glass, leaving his pretty house-keeper to prepare the cacklers against the accustomed time of his return.

The diligent maid, when she thought her ghostly master had been long enough exalted two degrees above his clerk, to get about a quarter of an hour on the right side of his text, guessed it a very proper

time to lay down the fowls, which she did accordingly. As the tid bits were running merrily round before a rousing fire, who should take the advantage of the parson's absence, but his housekeeper's sweetheart, who, by his pleasant comical hoity toities, and other winning accomplishments, had so wriggled himself into her affections, that it is not unreasonable to think he had as much command as her master.

The maid having mistaken the time of the day, happened to be a little too early with her cookery, so that the fowls were full ready before the parson had given his hungry auditory leave to return home to their puddings and dumplings. The sweetheart being a fellow of an incomparable stomach, thought it a great pity, such good victuals should be spoiled for want of eating, and very eagerly solicited his loving Jug to spare him one of the fowls to stop a little hole he had in his appetite, telling her one would be sufficient for her master, and that she had wit enough to contrive some story or other, handsomely to excuse the matter, and blind him from the true knowledge of what became of it.

The maid being willing to oblige her lover, who she found was so desirous to oblige her upon all occasions, ventured to take up one to save the longing of her sweetheart, who being very well prepared for such a nice entertainment, gobbled it up with such expedition, that before his benefactress had wound up the jack, he had not so much as left the claws, which the poor cockral used to scratch the dunghill withal.

He had no sooner dispatched his sweetheart's first courtesy, but he began to be very importunate with her for the second, telling her an excuse was as easy made for both as for one, and that she had as good

good be hanged for a sheep as a lamb; till at last, by adding a few melting kisses to his ravenous solicitation, he prevailed upon her to draw the other off the spit, that he might finish his meal by robbing the parson of his Sunday's dinner.

The second bird being brought before him, he lost no time, but drove down the former with the latter, without any visible abatement of either his speed or his appetite. When he had cleared the dish, and washed all down with a cup of the parson's best beer, he took a thankful leave of his mistress, who now began to beat her wit's end how to excuse the rudeness she had so foolishly committed.

As she was thus pondering with herself, who should step in but the parson and a stranger with him, who coming from another town to hear him preach, the parson thought himself obliged to invite him home to dinner with him.

No sooner had the old Levite conducted his guest into the parlour, but he begged his pardon a minute, and retired into another room to wet his knife upon the frame of an old table, which was always his custom before dinner; the maid in a peck of fears and troubles took the advantage in the interim, and stepping into the parlour, in a strange seeming sort of disorder, frightens away her master's guest with a surprising story as follows, viz. Lord, Sir, how came you to venture yourself home with my master, at this time of day, when if you had known him, you might have easily discovered by his countenance, he is in one of his old freaks. Why, what's the matter with him, says the country farmer, he was woundly civil to me in the church yard, and by all means would bring me home to dine with him.—Alas, good Sir, replied the maid, whatever you do, let me advise you to make the best of your way out of

of the house; for if you stay, now he is in one of his frenzical humours; he will certainly geld you; and I dare say, he is wetting his knife for the same purpose; he has lately served two or three so already, though they have had the discretion to keep it silent, because they should not be laughed at. I thank thee kindly, sweet heart, cried the countryman, are these his tricks with a pox to him—wounds, shew me the next way out, for I would not lose my tarriwags for the best dinner in Christendom. Upon which the wench shewed him out of a back door, and away ran Gaffar as if the devil was at his heels.

He had not been gone a minute, but in comes the parson with his knife in his hand, and finds the maid stamping and storming, as if she was raving mad in the parlour, with an empty smeered dish upon the table and guest gone. What's the matter now, says the parson, what's the meaning of all this, where is the man gone that I brought home with me? Lord, Sir! replied the maid, I never saw such an unmannerly hound since my eyes were open, I no sooner brought the fowls to table, but he snatched them both out of the dish, and crammed them into his breeches, and away he scoured out of the back door, as if the devil was in him. Zounds, said the priest, I am resolved the impudent fellow shall not cozen me of my dinner so, and away runs the parson after the countryman, who by this time had got near a field's length off; but however, having preached himself very hungry, he trotted away after him, with his naked knife in his hand, crying out, give, you brazen dog, what you have run away with in your breeches. The fellow answering as he ran, 'I faith doctor, not I, I would rather see you hanged first. The parson finding the fellow too nimble

nimble for him, was very willing to compound, and cry'd out in milder terms, Prithae friend, don't run away with them both, but be so kind to let me have one of them. Not I by the mass, replies the fellow, I had rather see you at the devil than give you either of them. The farmer being young and lusty, soon got ground of the parson, that he was forced to give over his chase, and return home puffing and blowing, having nothing left but bachelor's fare, bread and cheese, and kisses, for his Sunday dinner.

The wise Irishman and his Sallad Oil.

Patrick O'Blunder, a very sensible and cute Irishman, as my reader will find, came over from the County of Kilkenny to England, in order to get some service; and in a few days had the good fortune to be hired to Sir Jeremy Trueland, near Chester, who the next week after set out with his family for London, and when they came to town, the first day dinner was dressed according to Sir Jeremy's order, by a letter to a servant who was left in the house to take care of it; and, among other things, a fine sallad was prepared to eat with a piece of roast beef; but when Sir Jeremy went to dress it, as he generally did himself, there happened to be no oil in the house, and the rest of the servants being all busy, he called his new Irish footman to go fetch him some; here, says he, you must go to some shop and get me a quart of eating oil, any body will tell you where you may have it; so away goes Patrick, and runs full drive into the first shop he could see, which happened to be a baker's, I want, says he, a quart of eating oil for my master. I do not sell oil, quoth the man. Arrah, replied Patrick, but then you can tell me where they do. Yes, says the baker, I can do

do that: and going to the door, says he, Here, friend, do you see yonder is a jar. Well, a jar, and what is a jar? quoth Patrick. Why, quoth the baker, do you see that great brown thing upon a post, that is a jar, and it is an oil shop, where you may have any sort of oil you want. So away goes Patrick, and runs staring into the oil shop, as he had done before into the baker's; Arrah, Sir, says he to the oil-man, are you a jar? A jar, quoth the man, no, I am no jar, but there is a jar at the door, I suppose that is what you mean, what might you want pray? Why, says Patrick, I want a quart of eating oil for my master, and I was shent here for it. That you may have, Sir, replies the oil-man, but what have you got to put it in? Arrah, fait nothing at all, quoth Teague, but you may put it in a piece of paper. Paper, cries the oil-man in a surprize, you cannot carry it in paper, why it is a liquid. Arrah, well, replies Teague, and what is that to you what it is, cannot you put it in a piece of paper as I desire you. Why, says the man to him again, I tell you you cannot carry it in a piece of paper, it will not hold it (here he shewed some of it to Patrick to convince him) look you here, says he, you cannot carry this in paper, I believe; can you, do you think? Fait, says Teague, dat ish very true, but I can carry it in my hat tho': Oh, your hat, says the oil-man, ay, that is true, so you may, if you please. Fait and sho I will crush down de crown, and carry it wid my hat. Ay, do so, says the man, for he was willing to see the joke; and so down Patrick thrusts the crown of his hat, and into it the man pours the oil; and when this was done, the conveniency he had made would not hold above the half of it. Well, quoth the oil man, where will you put the rest? Here Patrick, after a little pause, finding his fingers in

in a cavity in the other side of his hat, turns it up-side down in an instant. O fair, says he, put it in here; so in the man pours it directly, though ready to burst with laughing; and Patrick put his hat with one corner under his left arm, very well pleased with his contrivance, paid the man for his oil, and away he marches home as fast as he could, with the oil running down from the outside of his hat upon his clothes, to the very shoes of him. Just as he came to the door, his master, being at the parlour window, and seeing what condition he was in with the oil in his hat, (as I have described it under his arm) ran to the door in a great passion to meet him and to prevent his coming into the parlour with it. You rascal, says he, how came you in that pickle? What have you in your hat? O fair, Sir, says Patrick, but it is de oil that you sent me for. Teague speaking this so seriously, and so seemingly composed, it made his master ready to burst with laughter, though he was provoked at his ignorance to the greatest degree. Why, you blockhead, says he, (for he now conceived Teague's contrivance) I bid you bring me a quart of oil, I am sure there cannot be a quart in your hat, what have you done with the rest? Arrah, fair, Sir, replies Patrick, but I have got the rest o' the other side now; so turning his hat up-side down again (in the manner he had done before) spilt all the rest upon him; which unexpected turn of ingenuity, procured from his master, not only an immoderate fit of laughing, but also an absolute pardon for spoiling his cloaths.

A Welshman being at the gallows desired to speak with some of his countrymen; and one being called to him, pray, says he, tell hur father and mother, hur dies a very good Christian, and am informed hur shall go to Heaven, and hope they will all follow hur the same way.

Quin went out one morning to a friend of his who had built a new house at Bath, before it was quite finished; when being affected in a certain natural way, after having enquired of the servant, if his master was at home, and being answered in the negative. Well, said he, however, shew me your little house. Yes, Sir, replied the servant, keeping the street door in his hand, the house is *small*, but it is very compact. I mean, continued Quin, your necessary house. Yes, Sir, replied the servant, I believe my master will find it very *necessary* when he comes home, and much better than in lodgings.—Your conveniency I mean, says Quin. Very *convenient* I can assure you, still continued the servant. Quin no longer able to contain himself, cried, with some emphasis, *G—d d—m you, you rascal, shew me your so—t house, or by G—d I shall besoul my breeches*, O Lord, Sir, said the servant, *that is not built yet*.

An *Englishman* and an *Irishman* were condemned for piracy. For that crime they are generally executed near a river. The *Englishman* was to suffer first, but by some accident the rope slipped, and he fell into the water. Being an excellent swimmer, he swam to the other side of the river, and made his escape. The *Irishman* seeing what had happened, begged of the executioner *to tie his rope fast*. “For (says he) if it should chance to slip, I shall certainly lose my life, for I cannot swim.”

A country girl going to market, was overtaken by a smart young fellow, who entered into discourse with her, and praising her beauty, telling her, he never saw any body dressed so neat and *tight* in his life. *Tight*, says the girl, oh, if you was but to see how *tight* I am of a Sunday, it would do you good. Why, how *tight* are you on Sunday? says the spark. Oh dear, says she, *I am so tight of a Sunday, that you can't flick a straw in my a—se, but now you may put your nose in.*

A Methodist Sermon, from George Alexander
Stevens's *Lecture on Heads*.

Brethren! Brethren! Brethren! (The word Brethren comes from the Tabernacle, because we *breath therein*)—If you are drowzy, I'll *rouze* you; I'll beat a *tat-too* upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the *devil* about like a *whirl-a-gig*, among you—Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth *squall*; even from the top of my voice will I *bawl*; and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye—and the *sweet words* that I shall utter, shall sugarcandy over your souls, and make *carraway* consists of your consciences. —Do you know how many taylors make a man? Why nine—Nine taylors make a man—And how many make half a man?—Why four journeymen and a prentice.—Even so have you all been bound prentice to *Miss Fortune* the *fashion maker*; and now you are out of your times, you have set up for yourselves.—My *great bowels* and my *sm*—all *guts* groan for you. I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly ach of pity.—*Give me a dram!*—Give me a dram—A dram of *patience* I mean, while I explain unto you, what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean:—which the *worldly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes* and *butter milk*, and therewith make a *sinful stir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter; and *Abomination*—is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.—Have you carried your consciences to the scourers; have you bought any Fuller's earth to take the stains out?—You say, Yes, you have, you have:—But I say, No; you lie; I am no *velvet mouth* preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves—You are full of filth: ye must be parboil'd; yea, ye must

must be boil'd down in our Tabernacle, to make portable soup for the saints to sup a ladleful of: and then the *scum* and the *scaldings* of your iniquities will *boil over*; and that is called the *kitchen stuff* of your consciences, that serve to grease the cart-wheels that carry us over the *Devil's ditch*; and the *Devil's gap*—The *Devil's ditch*; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket; and the *Devil's gap*; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers, at Lincoln's Inn Field's.——And then there's the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *players*: the *players*, that play the *Devil to Pay*.——The *play-house* is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon tenter-hooks of temptation——*Tragedy* is the *blank verse* of *Belzebub*; —*Comedy* is his *hasty pudding*; and *Pantomime* is the *Devil's country dance*.——And yet you'll pay the players for seeing plays; yes, yes; but you won't pay me: no, no; till *Belzebub's* bum-bailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I will pay your garnish; but I won't. No; you shall lay on the common side of the world; like a toad in a hole, that is baked for the *Devil's dinner*. Do you put some money in the plate;—put some money in the plate; and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back; and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher cannot eat:
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
How much this preaching Icours the belly;
How pinching to the human tripe
Is Pity's belly-ach, and gripe:
For that Religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

A forward young girl having been debauched, her father applied to counsel to know whether an action would not lie between his daughter and her gallant? Go home, honest man, replied the barrister, I find there has been already *too much action between them*.

Monf. De Vergy, when in Scotland, hearing a woman calling out *Fresh Butter*, drew his sword, thinking she called him *French Bugar*.

A London rider going to Edinburgh, and perceiving it grow late, asked a porter, whom he met in his way, if he thought he could get through the gate; the rider meant to ask him, if he could get into the city before the gates were shut, but the porter taking it in another sense, when seeing him so very fat and thick, burst out a laughing, and cry'd, why should you not get through, since a cart loaded with hay can very well make its way in.

A scholar blowing his fire, the nose of his bellows dropt off, says he, I see its cold weather, for the *nose of the bellows drops*.

A young lady of pretty high spirit, who was just about entering into the marriage state, told her gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried, honour and *bey*; nay, madam, said the parson, you must say *obey*, I cannot say you are married, if you do not speak the words as the office directs; but still she would only say as she had done; and the parson again reproving her. Let her alone, Doctor, said her husband, let her only say *bey*, if she has a mind to it now, and I'll make her cry *O* at night.

An Irishman wanting to cross the water, asked a waterman what he would have to carry him to the other side ? The man said Two-pence. " Arrah, my dear Honey, (replied the Irishman,) that I will give you with all my heart." The man rowed him over; and, when they were landed, the Irishman gave him two-pence; and asked him if he was now on the other side of the water ? " No, Sir, (answered the waterman, you are on this side the water : " Then, (says the Irishman,) what shall I give you to carry me to the other side ?" I wo-pence, replied the waterman. " Arrah now Honey, will you be sure to carry me to the other side of the water for that ?" said the Irishman. The man assured him he would, and accordingly rowed him back again. Being landed, the Irishman gave him two-pence, and then asked him, " If he was sure he was now on the other side of the water ?" The man reply'd, " No, Sir, you are on this side the water." " Why then, Joy, (said the Irishman,) I perceive you are an arrant fool; therefore I'll go to *Black-friars*, and walk over the bridge; for I find there is no getting on the other side of the water, but only by land-carriage."

A Scotchman was walking in the depth of winter upon the new bridge at Paris, with only a thin white linen doublet on, with stockings of the same stuff, a little camblet cloak, and sword by his side; the King happened to pass that way, and seeing this man in such a dress at that time of the year, was curious to know the reason of it; upon which he commanded him to be called: He then asked him if he was not cold ? No, Sir, replies our Scot. How is it possible, friend, replies the King, but you should be so, in the thin dress you wear; when I, who am better cloathed than you, am yet ready to freeze ?

freeze? Oh, replied Sawney, if your Majesty would but do as I do, you would never feel the least cold. How's that, says the King? Why, if your Majesty would but put on *all your* cloaths, as I put on *all mine*, you would be warm enough. The King was so pleased with this secret, that he gave orders for his having a good winter suit.

A fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian proverb, that three women *make a market* with their chatting: Nay then, said he, add my wife to them, and they will *make a fair*.

A gentleman remarking to his friend the cheerfulness of some convicts for transportation as they were going to be put on board, said, he thought they seemed to be very happy; one of them overhearing him, replied, Aye, aye, master, you see we are here *happy enough*, but if you was to go along with us, you would be quite *transported*.

A young woman came to a lady to be hired, and the lady told her, she was no maid, Yes indeed, madam, said she, but I am. How can that be, replied the lady, when, to my knowledge, you have had a child. Well, madam, says she, it was but a *very little one*, and do you make such a matter of that?

A fellow blaming his sweetheart, telling her she was false to him, she, to clear herself, used many imprecations, bidding him if it were so, to *mark her end*. Nay, for that, said he, I shall not so much mark your end, as I shall *your middle*.

A young man being violently in love with a virtuous and beautiful girl, and meeting one day with an opportunity of speaking to her, he asked her whether she would content him? The prudent and witty young woman replied, yes, provided he would grant her one thing only: When being asked what

thing that was? She replied, that which you have not, nor cannot have, and yet may give me. The lover desired to know the meaning of that riddle; she explained it to him as follows: As you are a young man, you neither have, nor can have a husband, and yet you may give me one by bestowing yourself upon me, and then I shall have what I wish for.

Jack-Pudding being ask'd why he play'd the fool, answer'd, why not? Some play the fool for want of wit, he play'd the fool for want of money.

A shopkeeper selling some goods to one who said, that he asked too much for them, and that he should not buy so dear of him as of another, because he was his friend: replied, Sir, we must gain something by our friends, for our enemies will never come to the shop.

Three soldiers sitting at a Tavern very merry, an ancient grave gentleman look'd in upon them who (to shew the quintessence of their wit) thus saluted him, saying, Who's there, Father *Abraham*? No, says the second, 'tis Father *Isaac*; No you mistake, says a third, 'tis Father *Jacob*. To which the grave gentleman reply'd, smiling, indeed, you might have kept your breath to have cool'd your porridge; I am neither of those you term me to be: But I am *Saul* the son of *Kish* who came to seek his Father's Allies, and here I have found 'em, and here will leave them.

A gentleman being in a crowd, a thief pick'd his pocket, his man being behind him, (and hur was a Welshman, drew out her knife, and cut off the thief's ear, and cry'd, give hur master hur purse, and hur will give hur hur ear again.

A countryman going with some friends to Vauxhall, was asked, as they were returning home, how
he

he liked it? He replied, " It is a huge fine place ! how many pretty pictures, and a power of glass lights ! but what pleased me best of all, was, that the Gentlemen and Ladies in the gallery, (meaning the orchestra) were so very obliging as to fiddle and sing, to divert the company."

A man that lost an eye, having married a girl whom he supposed to be a virgin, was very much enraged not to find her so, and rebuked her in the severest terms; but she answered, Why would you have me perfect, when you yourself have lost an eye; 'tis from my *enemies*, replies the husband, that I have received that injury, and 'tis from my *friends*, says the girl, that I have received mine.

A poor Frenchman, who was very hungry, went into a cook's shop at St. Giles's, and there staid till his stomach was satisfied with the smell of the victuals: the cook falling into a passion, insisted on his paying him for a dinner, which the poor Monsieur refused to do; and the dispute growing high, it was agreed to refer the decision of it to the first man that passed that way, which happened to be a chimney sweep, but who, on hearing the case, very wisely determined, that the Frenchman's money should be shook between two empty dishes, and the cook should be satisfied with the *gingling* of it, as the poor man had been satisfied with the *smell* of the cook's meat.

A young gentlewoman lately arrived from Barbadoes, came to Leadenhall market to buy a scragg of mutton for broth, for which the butcher asked nine-pence, That's too much said she, cut it off, Sir, and I'll give you a *bit* * for it. D——n your bit, Madam, I want none of your bits, replied the butcher, I've got a much *better bit at home*.

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* A bit in Barbadoes, is a piece of money valued at 7d.

A patriotic gentleman standing at the window of his house with his wife, whom he had married a few days before, and seeing a beautiful young woman pass along, he said to his wife, my dear soul, I'll make you laugh, You must know, that I *had to do several times* with that girl there before she married, but she was so silly as to go and tell her mother of it. His wife replied, Oh, the silly brainless wretch, I, *in like manner had to do an hundred times* with our coachman and footman, and never said a word of it to my mother.

A gentlewoman loved a doctor of physic, and to enjoy him, feigned herself sick; the doctor being sent for in all haste, went up and staid with her an hour; when he came down, her husband asked him how she did? O, said he, she has had *two such extreme fits*, that if you had but seen one of them, it would have *made your heart ache*.

One Mr. Mann, master of the ship called the *Moon*, used to be very familiar with a gentlewoman, and her husband taxed her with another gentleman; she swore she knew him no more than the *Man in the Moon*.

A gentlewoman who thought her servants always cheated when they went to Billingsgate to buy fish, was resolved to go thither herself, and asking the price of some fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the fish woman about half what she asked: Lord, Madam, said the woman, I must have stole it to sell it at that price, but you shall have it if you will tell me what you do to make your hands so white; nothing, good woman, answered the lady, but wear *dog skin gloves*; d——n you for a lying b——h, replied the other, my husband has wore *dog skin breeches* these ten years, and his a——se is as brown as a nutmeg.

An Evening's Adventure at Vauxhall.

A Citizen, his wife, and two daughters being at Vauxhall, heartily grudged every thing his daughters asked for; after some talk—"Come, come, (said the old Don) it is high time to go to supper." To this the ladies readily assented: and one of the Misses said, "Do let us have a chick a-piece, Papa." "Zounds, (said the father) they are half a crown a piece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Here the old lady took him up—"You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody, and what signifies a few shillings once in a way when a body is about it!" This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest Miss had courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, the honest Cit twisted the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance, then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, "How much there was of it."—"A shilling's worth, Sir," says the fellow.—"Prithee," said the Don, "how much dost think it weighs?"—"An ounce."—"A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound! a reasonable profit, truly! let me see, suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds; at a shilling per ounce, that is sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and, if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them, and cures them
himself,

himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if the people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it in o his shirt collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying—"there goes twopence!"—"there goes threepence!"—"there goes a groat!"—"Zounds! a man at these places should not have a swallow so wide as a tom tit." This scanty repast we may imagine was soon dispatched, and it was with much difficulty, our honest Citizen was prevailed on, to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our Don took a piece of an old news paper from his pocket, gravely wrapping up the meat in it, and placed it carefully in his letter-case. "I'll keep thee as a curiosity till my dying day; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour *Horseman*, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks." Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—"why now (says he) to morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff, at any Tavern in London, and pay nothing for it." A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes, and custards, next made their appearance at the request of the ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, "that they were four times as dear as at the pastry cooks." Supper being ended, Madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine, "My dear, we must have some wine, or we shall not be looked upon you know!" "Well, well,

well, (says the Don) that is right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—Here, drawer, what wine have you got?" The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—"We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts and please your honour; would you have a bottle of champagne, or burgundy, or claret, or" ————"No, no, none of your wishy—washy outlandish ratgut for me: interrupted the Citizen. ————A tankard of the Alderman, beats all the red claret wine in the French King's cellar. ————But, come, bring us a bottle of sound old port: And, do ye hear? Let it be good." While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented; that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, "because (said she) it was ungenteel to smoak, where any ladies were in company." When the wine came, our Citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, "Aye, aye, said he, the bottom has had a good kick——and mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides, and not above five gills I warrant. ————An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them. ————But let us see how it is brewed." He then poured out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips drank it off: But declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper: and tossing it off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies having also drank a glass round, affirmed it very good, and felt warm in the stomach: And even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour, by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for

another pint, but charged the waiter to pick out an honest one. While the glass was then circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the garden, the Citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: The eldest Miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *solentary*: Little Miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would learn it, if she could but carry home the tune: And the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spying-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheesecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to be quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the Gentleman, the Ladies kept a profound silence: and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-master undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself; only the old Lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared, "it was reasonable, considering." Our Citizen bore his misfortune with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over the articles, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bid the drawer bring change for six pence, then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings, which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very
care-

carefully, he laid down two pence in the same exact order: then calling for the waiter,—“there, says he, there’s your damage—thirteen and two-pence—and harkye, there’s three-pence over for yourself.” The remaining money he put into his coat pocket, and chinking it—“this, says he, will serve for a paper of tobacco to-morrow.” The family now prepared themselves for going, and as there were some slight drops of rain, Madam buttoned up the old gentleman’s coat, that he might not spoil his waistcoat, and made him flap his hat, over which she tied her pocket handkerchief to save his wig; and as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat turned over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the gardens, and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, young Miss asked, “When shall we come again, papa?”—“Come again! (said he) What a-pox would you ruin me? Once in one’s life is enough: and I think I have done very handsome. Why it would not have cost me four-pence-half-penny to have spent my evening at *Sot’s Hole*; and with the cursed coach hire, and all together, here’s almost a pound gone, and nothing to shew for it.”—“Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you, (replied the old Lady) you are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure; and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to *Little Hornsey* to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world—and they

they shall." The old Don was not willing to pursue the argument any longer; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute, by saying, "Come, come, let us make haste, wife, or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again,—and, to-morrow you know is Sunday."

A man who was blind of an eye, met, very early one morning, a crook-back'd man, to whom he said, Friend, you are loaded betimes: the crooked man replied, It must indeed be betimes, since you have got but one of your *windows open*.

One Captain Broughton, who lived by his wits, visiting a friend in the Tower about dinner time, his friend being absent, in his walk seeing several dishes of meat, and bottles of wine carried up to a Lord's lodging, he immediately followed after the guests, among whom the Captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to dinner, where he eat and drank freely. Often the Lord had an eye upon this stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after dinner he enquired of his guests whose relation he was, which the Captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these words, My Lord, do you not know me? No, indeed, Sir, said the Lord. Quoth the Captain, sure you do, my Lord, for *you and I have been in all prisons in England*. How, said the Lord, I never was in any but this of *the Tower*. True, my Lord, answered the Captain, and *I have been in all the rest*. At which jest the Lord and his company laughed heartily, and told him he was welcome.

In Admiral Hawke's last engagement with the French, a sailor on board one of the ships had a leg shot off, where-upon one of his mess-mates took him down to the surgeon, and at the same time took his leg

leg off the deck, and put it under his arm; he was no sooner brought down, but another of his mess-mates began, shaking his head, and telling him, he was very sorry he had lost his leg. That's a d—n'd lie, ye son of a b——h, reply'd he, for, see here, I have got it under my arm.

An Irishman being preferred from a skip to marry my Lady's chambermaid, received fifty pounds in consideration of a cracked pitcher, which he took for her honest portion: about three weeks after, the bride was delivered of a child: and Donnel being at his master's house, the lady told him, she did not think he had been such an active man, to have a child so soon; Arrah, by my shoul, my dear Lawdy, said he, and why should't de tink me such a fumbler, when me own modder wash brought to bed of mee two months before she was married?

A jury being summoned to attend the Coroner of Middlesex to sit on the body of a woman who had hanged herself. An Irishman going by, on seeing them enter the house, asked, what was the matter? And being told they were going to sit on the dead body. "Arrah now," says he, "then I'll be d—n'd if so many don't squeeze her to death."

An Italian gentleman, who was dangerously ill, and at the same time heavily charged with debts, told his confessor that the only favour he had to ask of Heaven, was, that his life might be prolong'd till he discharged them. Then, replied, the priest, since your reason for wishing to live is so just, I pray that your prayers may be heard. Ay, father, answered the sick man, I pray that they may, for I am sure if I live till I pay all my debts, I shall never die.

A Shoe-maker, who had a vote in the election of members of Parliament, went constantly to a house

of entertainment that was opened on the side of one of the candidates, where meat and liquors were very liberally furnished. When the election came on Crispin gave his vote against the gentleman, on whose side he had all along eaten and drank; and being reproached for the baseness of his conduct, he burst into laughter, and said, "Ever whilst you live, quarter upon the enemy; I say, quarter upon the enemy!"

A number of French gentlemen, dining at a tavern in Germany, the maid, as she took out the dishes, let a rousing fart; and her mistress scolding her severely for doing such a thing in hearing of the guests, "Pshaw, Madam, said she, you don't consider that they are all French people, and don't understand German."

An old gentleman who made his addresses to a young lady, who neither liking him nor his love epistles, wrote him the following lines, in answer to a letter of his.

As I sat sh—g, I received your letter
The more I read, I thought I sh—t the better;
The place being bare for want of grass,
Your letter serv'd to wipe my A—se.

A School-master being very angry one day with one of his young scholars for writing his name upon the wainscot, was going to whip him, but the boy begging earnestly, the master said, He's a fool, and ever shall, that writes his name upon a *wall*: Sirrah, what say you to that? To which the lad made answer. He's a fool, and ever shall, that takes a *wainscot* for a *wall*.

A Welshman hearing a malefactor that was tried just before him, say, concerning a mare that he had stolen, "That he brought it up from a colt;" when he came to be examined on a sword he had sharked, said,

said, "That truly, by St. David, 'twas his own for he bred it up from a dagger."

A lady being at a wedding, and overstraining herself a little, let a great fart: at which she blushed so much, and was in such confusion, that she was forced to quit the chamber, nor could any one persuade her to come in again; but happening to leave her gloves in a chair, near a gentleman that sat by her, she bid one of the maids fetch them away, but the maid excused herself, as did the other also. At last she goes in herself, without taking notice of any person, but the gentleman, to whom she said, *Did you see, Sir,* (and then stopt) *Did I see what Madam?* (said the gentleman,) *Why* (continued she, forgetting her gloves) *did ye see Sir, did ye see my fart?* At which the whole company burst out in a laughter, and with much ado persuaded her to stay, and end their mirth together.

A country farmer riding to a merry meeting on an easy horse, drank very plentifully till night came on, and his senses fled. At which one of the company resolved to pass a joke upon him, by persuading the rest to mount him on his horse with his face to the tail, and turn the horse loose, who knew very well the way home: So up they mounted him, away went the horse a foot pace, till the farmer went fast asleep, and in an hour's time the horse was at home, and presently fell a neighing. At which his wife came with a candle in her hand, and seeing her husband in that condition, began to take on bitterly, and waking him, told him the greatness of his sin, &c. Upon which he rubs his eyes, and looking about, cries out in a great passion, "Puh! hold your tongue woman; nothing vexes me so much, as that the plaguy rogues should cut my horse's head off."

Dear Joy travelling in the North of England in company with a Scotch pedlar, weary with traveling, and hot with the season of the year, they laid them down under a shady oak to rest themselves. Teague, in his sleep, fancied, that a great spider had dropt from the boughs of the tree into his mouth, which put him into a lamentable apprehension, what should become of the family of the Teagues, if his Father's Son, and the hopes of his mother, should now be poisoned in the bud : Amidst this terrible consternation, Teague made so loud a noise, that Sawney was awaked thereby. " Vor in de Deel's naume garrs the Lad to mauke sick a din ? Vilt dou not tauke dy reast mon ? " said Sawney. " Vhoo ! vhoo ! hoo ! mee dear Shawny, I will tal dee, dare ish great poishon mauke upon me, be me shoul, indede : vhoo ! vhoo ! I will be deed, and me modder will hang mee, iadede. Hoo ! hoo ! hoo ! poo ! dare is no hopesh of any life in mee, for some great deë'l of a shpider, dear Joy, dat ish fallen down upon me mout, indede, and it ish run down upon my troate into me belly, and my gutsh ish fallen out upon my breachesh, in fait ; hoo ! hoo ! poo ! O hone ! hone ! vat vill I doe ? " " Noow de Plauge tauke dee, says the Scot, va-at ve-el I doe ? va-at ve-el I doe ? be me shaul mon, dee beast e'ne garr destract, and out of dy vit ; be Shaint Aundro, I caun tell de a plausshant romedy." " My Joy, now for de love of Maggie, I voud prey dee tall vatt it ish, and de dee'l take me, I will be dy friendsh noow, all de daysh of mine life, indede." " Come den, says Sawny, dou musht help mee to catch dat fle, and I warraunt I gate out de shpider vid a vengeance, O me shoul." So in a little time, Sawny had caught a wasp by the wings ; " Noow, says he to Teague, laay

laay dee down upon dy faush, and mount up dy nedder end, mon, and I will pot de fle against dy faart-houle; and, O me shaul, as soon as de shpidre gaar hear de fle buzze, he will com out of hish awne accourd, and will gaung hish ways." Upon that Teague lay on his face, and mounting sent, the *false Loon* put the rump of the wasp against the rump of Teague, at which the gentleman in the yellow jacket, whips his venom'd dart into the most tender part of Teague's posteriors. "Vhoo! vhoos! vhoos! hoo! hoo! poo! burn ye now, said Teague, it ish come out upon mee fait, and it did byte me by de aush leck de dee'l himshelfe, it be shet mine tayle on fire, indede; but it ish better to be in the shiting plauce, dan at my hart, indede; dee'l tanke mee, it mauke mee have mush paine upon mine aush, but I tanke dee vid all mine hart, now; for if dee hasht not got out de dee'l shpider, she vid kill mee, in fait."

A quaker being in bed with his own spouse, in the middle of the night, about the ninth hour, she pulled him, saying thus unto him, Ezekiel, awake! What sayest thou Tabitha, the wife of my bosom? Arise, said she, speedily and quickly, and make no longer tarrying nor delaying, but enter into the next room, and nigh unto the place, that pays tribute unto Cæsar, there standeth a wicker chair, whereon hangeth a garment called a red petticoat: dive into the pocket, and take out thence two farthings, then go to Obadiah the tallow-chandler, and buy two candles, light one of them, and bring it presently, for I fear our youngest son, Nehemiah, has besht himself.

An Irish servant being struck by his master, cryed out, "Devil take me if I am certain whether he has killed me or no; but if I am dead it will

afford me great satisfaction to hear the old rogue was hanged for killing me."

Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty mellow, a link-boy cried, Have a link, gentlemen? Light yourself to the Devil, you dog, said one of the company. Bless you master, replied the boy; I can find the way in the dark, shall I light your worship thither.

A French soldier being to be hanged for desertion, begged very hard of the General, that he would grant him one small favour after he was dead, which he promised he would. This, however, did not satisfy the poor fellow, who fell on his knees and begged he would swear it. Upon mine honour then, I will, said the General.—And what may the favour be, which you have begged so hard to be granted after you are dead? "Only to kiss my a—se," says the soldier. "Aye, is it so!" says the General, "then set him at liberty immediately; for I had much rather pardon his crime while living, than kiss his a—se when dead."

A countryman who went weekly to market with butter to sell, was at last so well known by all (his butter being always hairy) that no-body would buy of him; or if they did, he was sure always to fall short of his neighbour's price; which he taking very ill, told his wife, either to make her butter as her neighbours did, or she should go to market with it herself, for he would not go to be so affronted with it, not he. *Well*, says she, *I'll go see and mend that fault*; so the next day that she was to make butter, she makes fast the door, throws off all her cloaths, washes herself from head to foot, and so falls to work stark naked, lest there should be motes fall from her cloaths amongst the butter; so having made it so clean, as she thought there

there could be no cleaner, she puts it in a large wooden platter: and to compleat it, she must needs have a little salt to make it relish; but, unhappily, climbing up to the top of her cupboard, down she comes with a vengeance, and lighting directly upon her bare breech into the midst of the butter; her husband looking all the while through the key-hole, and seeing her beginning to lick it off with her fingers, and put it in the platter, says, *Woe is me Doll, it will but have the old price still*; old price, says she, and behang'd to you, it has made my a—se so greasy, that I don't know what to do with myself.

A deaf fellow coming to London to sell a turkey, at Hyde Park Corner, had occasion to untruss a point; a gentleman passing by, intending to put a joke upon him: Countryman, says he, there's a turd under you, the man thinking he asked the price of his turkey, said four shillings. Master, I say there's a turd under you, said the other. It is as good as ever you eat in your life, said the fellow, either baked or roasted. You rascal, said he, I could find it in my heart to kick you soundly. Chuse, says the fellow, if you won't another will.

An Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his mess-mate to go down and draw a can of beer: Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused, "Arrah by my shoul, says he, and so while I am gone into the cellar, to fetch beer, the ship will sail and leave me behind.

A gentleman seeing his footman with an old greasy hat on, which hung slouching on all sides; Who gave you (said he to him) that hat of a cock-
hold?

hold? Sir, replied the fellow, it is one of yours, and was given me by my mistress.

A gentleman and his servant in a cold frosty morning, riding through a river together, the gentleman's horse stumbled, and threw him into the water, and soon after fell to drinking; at which the man laughed heartily. Sirrah, said the master, "do you laugh at me?" "No, Sir, said the servant, I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink without a toast this cold morning."

A country fellow, just come up to London, and peeping into every shop he passed by, at last look'd into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what was sold there, and calling to the clerk, said, "Pray, Sir, what do you sell?" "Loggerheads," cried the other. "Do you so?" answered the countryman; "egad! you have a fine trade then, for you have but one left."

A beggar addressing himself to an old miser, used these words; *Dear Sir, bestow your charity.* To which the usurer replied, *I have it not.* Ah! quoth the beggar, *the more shame for you, to have so much money, and no charity.*

A Lady's age happened to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman, who was in company, to deliver his opinion, "Cousin, says she, do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty?" "I am sure, Madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years.

Two scholars passing by a windmill, stood for sometime viewing it; the miller looking out of a little wicket, asked them what they would have,
and

and what they stared at? "Why, says one of them, we are looking at this thing, pray what is it?" "Why, says the miller, don't you see? where are your eyes? It is a windmill." "We crave your mercy, Sir, says the scholars, we took it for a goal, seeing a thief look out of the window."

A countryman passing through a street in London, stumbled, and his backside fell to the ground. A 'prentice seeing it, fell a laughing, and said, "See see, fellow, how fine London is, it brooks no such clowns as you." With that the countryman turn'd back, and answered, "As fine as it is, it hath kiss'd my tail for this once."

A gentleman's cook forsook him and went to serve another master. The gentleman meeting him certain months after, attir'd all in green, said unto him, "Methinks you look very green now a-days." "True, Sir, answered the cook, for I am sow'd in a good ground."

A countryman sowing his field, and two smart fellows riding by, one of them called to him with an insolent air; "Well, honest countryman, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the farmer replied, "It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing hemp."

A Quaker was going to visit some of his friends and brethren; and as he was going, he met with a misfortune. However he trudg'd on, and when he came to the place where he appointed to meet them, he said, "Friends and brethren, ther are some things that I know, and ye know not; and there are somethings that ye know, and I know not; and there are some things that neither you nor I know not. And as I was coming to see ye,
in

in crossing a stile, I tore my breeches ; this I knew, and ye knew not : What ye will give me towards paying for mending of them, that ye know, and I know not : and what the knave of a taylor will have for mending them, that neither you or I know not."

A Dyer, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, which was all black ; " Take off your glove, friend," said the judge to him. " Put on your spectacles, my Lord," answered the Dyer.

A sea Captain being just come a-shore, was invited by some Gentlemen to a hunting-match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what pastime he had : " Our horses being completely rigged, we manned them ; and the wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in company, away we set over the Downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under a full sail. We tacked and stood after her ; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground ; but getting close off, I stood after her again ; but as the devil would have it, being just about to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, I and my horse overset, and came keel upwards."

A Welchman, seeing his master tearing some letters, " Pray, Sir, give hur one, says he ; no matter which, to send to hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while."

A Gentleman talking of his travels, a Lady in company said, she had been a great deal further, and seen more countries than he. " Nay then, Madam," replied the gentleman, " as travellers, we may *lie* together by authority."

T H E

QUACK DOCTOR'S

ORATION.

GOOD people, I Waltho Van Cluttrebank, High German doctor, chymist and dentifricator, native of Arabia Deserta, citizen and burgo-master of the city of Brandipolis, seventh son of a seventh son, unborn doctor of above sixty years experience; having studied over Galen, Hypocrates, Albumazar, and Paracelsus, am now become the Esculapius of this age; having been educated at twelve Universities, and travelled through fifty-two kingdoms, and been counsellor to the counsellors of several monarchs, natural son of the wonder-working chymical doctor Signior Hanefio, lately arrived from the farthest part of Utopia, famous throughout all Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, from the sun's oriental exaltation, to his occidental declination: out of meer pity to my own dear self, and languishing mortals, have, by the earnest prayers and entreaties of several Lords, Earls, Dukes, and honourable personages, been at last prevailed upon to oblige the world with this notice.

That all persons, young and old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, curable or incurable, may know where to repair for cure, in all cephalagia's, paralytic

lytic paroxysms, palpitations of the pericardium, empyemas, Synocopes and Nasietes, arising either from a plet hory, or a cacochymy, vertiginous vapours, hydiocephalus dyssenterys, odontalgic or podagrical inflammations, iliac passions, ictèrical effusions, exanthemata, the hen pox, the hog pox, the whore's pox, and the small pox, the ascites, tympanites, anasarca, and the entire legion of Lethiferous distempers.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I have a never failing stip-tic, corroborating odoriferous, anodinous, balsamic balsam of balsams, made of dead men's fat, rosin and goose grease; which infallibly restores lost maidenheads raises demolished noses, and by its absterfive, cosmetic quality, preserves superannuated bawds from wrinkles.

Item, I have the true carthramophra of the Triple Kingdom, my never failing Hiliogenes, being the tincture of the sun, deriving vigour, influence, and dominion from the same light: causes all complexions to laugh or smile, at the very time of taking it: i seven years in preparing, and being completed, secundum artem, by fermentation, cohobation, calcination, sublimation, fixation, philtration, circulation, and quidlibification, in balneo mariæ, crucible and fixatory, the athanor, cucurbita and reverbatory, is the only sovereign medicine in the world.

This is nature's palladium, health's magazine, it works seven manner of ways, in order as nature herself requires, for it scorns to be confined to any particular way of operation; so that it effecteth the cure either hypnotically, hydrotically, cathartically, poppismatically, hydrogogically, Pneumatically, or Synechdochically: it mundifies the hypogastrium, wipes off absterfive, those tenacious
congl-

conglomerated sedimental fordes, that adhere to the cesophagus and viscera ; extinguishes all supernatural fermentations and ebullations, and, in fine, annihilates all nosotrophical morbidic ideas of the whole corporeal compages.

A scruple of it is worth a bushel of March dust : for if a man chance to have his brains beat out, or his head chopped off, two drops, (I say) two drops, gentlemen, seasonably applied, will recall the fleeting spirits, re-inthroned the deposed archens, cement the discontinuity of the parts, and in six minutes, restore the lifeless trunk to all its pristine functions, vital, natural and animal ; so that this, believe me, gentlemen, is the only sovereign remedy in the world.

I have the chief antepudenda Gragran specific in *Venus's* regalia, which infallibly cures the *French pox*, with all it's train of gonorrhoeas, bubos and shankers, carnosities, pharimos, paraphymosis, cristaline, priapismus, caudalomata and ragades, without baths or stoves, and that with as much pleasure as the same was contracted : so that it is worth any person's while to get the modish distemper once a fortnight, if it be to be had for love or money, to enjoy the benefit of so diverting a remedy.

I have the panchymagogen of *Hermes Trismegistus*, an incomparable spagyric tincture of the moon's horns, which is the only infallible antidote against the contagion of cuckoldom.

Besides my *Vermifugus fulvis*, or antivermatal worm conquering powder, so famous for destroying all the sorts of them, incident to human bodies, breaking their complicated knots in the duodenum, and dissolving the phlegmatic crudities that produce these anthropogous vermine : it hath

D

brought

brought away worms by urine, as long as the May-pole in the Strand, when it flourished in its primitive prolixity, though, I confess, not altogether so thick.

Look ye good people, I have it under the hands and seals of all the greatest Sultans, Sophys, Bashas, Viziers, Chans, Serasquiers, and Muftis, &c. in Christendom, to verificate the truth of my operations, that I have actually performed such cures as are really beyond human abilities.

I cured *Prestor John's* godmother, to the great admiration of all the court, of a stupendous dolor above the Os Sacrum, so that the good old Lady really feared the perdition of her huckle bone; I did it by fomenting her posteriors, with a mummy of nature, *alias*, called pilgrim's salve, mixed up with the spirit of mugwort, tartaragraphated thorow an alembic of christelline transfluency.

Thence was I sent for to Sultan Gilgon, Despote of Bosnia, who was violently afflicted with the spasmus. He came to meet me three hundred leagues in a go-cart: but I gave him so speedy an acquaintance of his dolor, that the next night I caused him to dance a saraband, with flipslaps and somersets.

I restored virility and the comforts of generation, to above a hundred and fifty Eunuchs in the grand Signior's Seraglio; and, by a pair of prolific pills, lately caused a vintner's widow, who had been barren all her days, to conceive of a man child in the twelfth lustre of her age, without the help of her husband.

I cured likewise the Duchess of Boromolpho of the cramp in her tongue, and the Count de Rodomoutado

montado Corrept with an iliac passion, contracted by eating butter'd parsnips.

I also cured an Alderman at Grand Cairo, who had been sick seven years of the plague, in forty-six minutes; and by the like empirical remedies, I lately cured Duke Philorix, of a dropsy, of which he died.

Venienti occurite morbo, down with your dust. *Principiis obsta*, No cure, no money. *Quarenda pecunia primum*. Be not sick too late.

You that are willing to render yourselves immortal, buy this packet, or else repair to the sign of the Prancers in Vieo vulgo dicto Rattlecliffero, something South-East of the *Templum Danicum*, in the Square of Profound Close, not far from Titter Tatter Fair, and you may see, hear, and return, re-infected.

In the time of the wars between the Duke of Malborough's army and the French, in the reign of Queen Anne, it was a constant practice with the French court to cause illuminations and bonfires to be made in Paris after every battle, whether their army got the better or not, in order to keep up the spirits of the people. And once, when the English had totally defeated the French, and great illuminations were made as usual; a marshal of France merrily said, "By my honour, the people of our nation are like flint stones, the more you beat them, the more fire they make."

Beau Nash was one evening employed in collecting money for the Bath Hospital. A lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I

have no money in my pocket." " Yes, Madam, says he, that I will with pleasure, if your Grace will tell me when to stop : " Then taking an handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, One, two, three, four, five. " Hold ! hold ! says the Duchess, consider what you are about ! " " Consider your rank and fortune, Madam, says Nash," and continued telling, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Here the Duchess called again, and seemed angry. " Pray compose yourself, Madam, cried Nash, and don't interrupt the work of charity ; " eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Here the Duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. " Peace, Madam, says Nash, you shall have your name written in letters of gold, Madam ; " sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. " I won't pay a farthing more, says the Duchess. " Charity hides a multitude of sins, replies Nash ; " twenty one, twenty two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. " Nash, says she, I protest you frighten me out of my wits, L—d I shall die ! " " Madam, you will never die with doing good ; and if you do, it will be the better for you, answered Nash," and was about to proceed ; but perceiving her Grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued : when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand and compound with her Grace for thirty guineas. The Duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening ; and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, " stand further, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him. " But her Grace afterwards, having a run of good luck, called Nash to her : " Come, says she, I will be friends with you, though you are a fool ; and to let you see I am not

not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity."

A Bishop sent half a dozen of capons to an Abbot, and the bearer eat one of them to his dinner by the way: now, when the Abbot had read the Bishop's letter, which certified that he had sent him six capons, he then said unto the messenger, "My lad, I pray thee tell my Lord Bishop, I humbly thank his Lordship for five capons; and as for the sixth, do thou give him thanks for it thyself."

The famous Captain Fitzpatrick, who married Squire Western's niece, and was reckoned an excellent hand at making bulls, walking one day with some ladies a little out of Westchester, with his hat under his arm; the wind blowing very hard, one of the ladies said, I wonder Captain at your being so ceremonious to walk bare headed in such boisterous weather; pray, Sir, put on your hat. "Arrah, by my shoul, dear Madam (answered the Captain) I have been after trying two or three times already, but the wind is so high, that I cannot keep my hat upon my head, any longer than 'ti under my arm."

Two Irishmen having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were grievously tired and fatigued with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London. "By my shoul, and St. Patrick (says one of them) 'tis but five miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on."

The famous Mr. Amner crossing the water in a ferry boat at Datchet, the good man of the ferry being from home, his wife did his office, and putting in the boat just at the landing place, Mr. Amner, in getting out, sunk into the mud, over the

shoes; and going a little farther meets a friend, who asked him how he came so dirty? Foregad, replied Amner, no man was ever so abused as I have been; for coming over Datchet ferry, a scurvy woman waterman put over the boat, and landed me clean in the mire.

An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, when he came home again, some of his companions asked him, how he liked Scotland; "I will tell you now (said he) by Chreest I was sick all de while I was dare, and if I had lived there till now, I had been dead a year ago."

One Irishman meeting an other, asked, what was become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy? "Arrah, my dear honey, (answered the other) poor Paty was condemn'd to be hanged; but he saved his life by dying in prison."

An honest Welch carpenter, coming out of Cardiganshire, got work in Bristol, where, in a few months, he had saved, besides his expences, about twelve shillings; and with this prodigious sum of money, returning into his own country, when he came upon Mile-hill, he looked back upon the town, "Ah! poor Pristow, (said he) if one or two more of hur countrymen were to give hur such another shake as hur has done, it would be poor Pristow indeed."

A very harmless Irishman eating an apple-pye with some quinces in it; "Arrah, dear honey, (said he) if a few of these quinces give such flavour, how would an apple pye taste made of all quinces."

An Irish lawyer in the Temple, going to dinner, left these directions in his key-hole, "Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and
if

if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he will read it for you."

A certain lady of quality, sending her Irish footman to fetch home a pair of new stays, strictly charged him to take coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them. But a great shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays dripping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said he had obeyed her orders. How then, answered the lady, could the stays be so wet, if you took them into the coach with you? "No, (replied honest Teague) I know my place better, I did not get into the coach, but rode behind, as I used to do."

The late Earl of Shaftesbury kept an Irish footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the most learned of his countrymen. My Lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain judge, the judge in return, sent his Lordship half a dozen live partridges with a letter. The partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, to open the lid of it, to quiet them, upon which they all flew away. O! the devil burn ye, said he, I am glad ye are gone. But when he came home, and my Lord had read the letter, Why Teague, says his Lordship, I find here are half a dozen partridges in the letter. "Now, arrah, dear honey, (said Teague) I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they are all lost out of the basket."

An Irishman, whom King Charles II. had some respect for, being only an inferior servant of the household, one day coming to the King's presence, his Majesty asked him how his wife did, who had just before been cut for a fistula in the backside.

"I humbly

" I humbly thank your Majesty (replied Teague) she is like to do well; but the surgeon says, it will be an eye-fore to her as long as she lives."

An Irish fellow vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, that when he first came to England, he made such a figure, that the bells rung in all the towns through which he passed, till he came to London; " Ay (said a gentleman in company) I suppose that was, because you came up in a waggon with a bell-team."

Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, being asked how it happened, that his countrymen were more remarkable for making bulls and blunders than any other people; answered, " he believed it was owing to the climate; and that if an Englishman was born in Ireland, he would do the same."

A man being asked, how long he had been married? answered with a sad countenance, " I remember very well, I became acquainted with my wife in the time of the great plague, and now it is almost the thirteenth year of her reign."

Sir Thomas Moor, on the day he was to be beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long, which, 'twas thought, would make him more commiserated by the people. The barber asked him whether he would be trimm'd: " In good faith, honest fellow, (said Sir Thomas) the King and I have a suit for my head; and till the title be cleared, I will bestow no cost upon it."

A gentleman meeting the King's jester, asked what news? " Why, Sir, (replied he) there are forty thousand men risen to-day." " I pray to what end? (says the other) and what do they intend?"

tend ?” “ Why, to go to bed again at night, said the other.”

Two were disputing, which was the noblest part of the body : one said the mouth, because it saluted first ; the other said, the breech, because it sat down first : at the next meeting he that held for the mouth, saluted the other with a fart ; at which he seem'd angry : “ Why, (said he) that is the part which you held most noble, and therefore I salute you with it.”

Killegrew, the famous jester to King Charles II. being at the French court, some of the courtiers who knew him, told the King, that Killegrew was one of the wittiest men in England. Upon which the King desired to see him ; but Killegrew gave him so little satisfaction in the conversation he had with him, that he told his noblemen, he thought him a very dull fellow. They however, insisted that he was a very witty ingenious man. Whereupon the King, resolving to make a farther trial of him, took him into a great gallery where there were abundance of fine paintings ; among the rest, he shewed him the picture of Christ upon the cross ; and asked him if he knew who that was ? but Killegrew, made himself very ignorant, and answered no. Why, said the King, that is the picture of our Saviour on the cross, and that on the right side is the Pope, and that on the left is my own. Whereupon Killegrew replied, “ I humbly thank your Majesty for the information you have given me ; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never heard who they were before.”

Killegrew having been at Ipswich, on his return to court, the King asked him what sort of a place
it

it was? Upon which Killebrew gave this account of it:—"That it was a town without inhabitants; streets without names; a river without water; and where the asses walk in boots." The King, supposing there was some whimsical meaning in this, bid him explain himself. Why, says Killebrew, the description I have given your Majesty of Ipswich is very just, and this: "As to the first part; though the town is very large, yet you may walk from one end to the other, and not see a living creature stirring; there are many streets, but none of them have a name; the river when the tide is gone out, is left dry, or with only a muddy bottom; the asses roll their bowling-greens in boots, to prevent their feet from making too much impression on the turf."

A citizen dying greatly in debt, his creditors hearing of it, "Farewel, said one, there is so much money of mine gone with him." "And he has carried so much of mine," says another. One hearing their several complaints, said, "Well, I see now, that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may carry a great deal of other peoples."

A Cambridge scholar, conducting the daughter of a book binder of that town through a croud, took hold of the sleeve of her gown. "Don't pull too hard, said one of his acquaintance that met him, for fear you should pull her out of the binding."—"I don't care if I do, replied the other, for I should like her better in sheets."

A Frenchman who spoke very broken English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the name. At last he thought he had done it, by saying, "Begar, mine deare, but you be vone vile dog's wife." "Aye, that's true enough," answered

answered the woman, the more is my misfortune."

An Irishman at Chester, enquired of his landlord, How he should get to London? Being told, he might go in a waggon. He replied, "No honey, that will never do; I am always Sea-sick, when I ride in a waggon: besides, Joy, I can walk as fast as two waggons."

A Welshman, lying in an ale house, had run up a great deal for cheese; his hostess therefore demanded a shilling. "How the devil, cuds splutter-a-nails, can that be?" said he. "Why, look here," said she, pointing to the score behind the door. "Ah! that's brave indeed, said he, what doth hur think, hur doth not know chalk from cheese?"

A fellow who had lived as a footman in London, from the tenth year of his age to his twentieth, took a journey into Yorkshire, to see the cottage he was born in; and coming to a river where there was a ferry, which happened to be then on the other side, he walked forwards and backwards by the side of the river for several hours. Being at length asked, who he waited for? His answer was, "That he waited for nobody, but was on his way to his own country; only he tarried till the water was all run away, that he might pursue his journey dry shod."

An Irish schoolmaster at Bedford, coming into an inn where he then boarded, saw part of a dead carcase hang up in the entry; on which he said to the host, "Why landlord, we shall live well indeed now; you have killed a hog, I see." "No Sir, said the Innkeeper, it is but half a hog." "Odsso! I ask your pardon, said the schoolmaster, it is but half a hog upon my word now:

now : pray, landlord, when do you kill the other half?"

A gentleman went one wet cold night into an inn, in Oxford. As firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire so surrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this he called for the ostler, and bid him fetch half a peck of oysters, and carry to his horse. "Oysters for your horse!" says the fellow, grinning: "What, shells and all?" "Aye, aye," replied the gentleman, "carry them to him unopened." The fellow fetched the oysters immediately, brought them to the gentleman in the kitchen, and asked whether they were really to be carried to his horse? "For, says he, I never saw a horse eat oysters in my life." No matter for that," replied the gentleman, "carry them to him." Away he went with the oysters to the horse, attended by all the people in the kitchen. In the mean time the gentleman got a rare warm place in the chimney corner, which was what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the ostler, attended by the persons who had left the kitchen, came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before. "Why, Sir, says he, I have put the oysters into the manger, and the devil of one of them will your horse touch." "Like enough, replied the gentleman; why then, as he is not in the humour to eat them now, do you bring the oysters to me, and give my horse half a peck of corn instead of them."

A very lusty woman, who had the evil in a very bad manner, being observed by a gentleman, to eat a hearty meal of fish: he told her, she possessed all that was said to be in a turtle.

Pray

Pray, Sir, what is that? said she, why, replied the gentleman, *Fish, flesh and fowl.*

Florence O'Flagherty, going through the Park one day, met his countryman, Phelim M'Valour, full butt, as he was sitting upon one of the benches, on the opposite side of the way, when crossing over to him, he said, and is it you? indeed, and it is, replied Florence; and what brought you to England? quoth Phelim; "I killed a man," said Florence; "killed a man!" said Phelim, with astonishment, and was you not *hang'd* for it? No, replied Florence; how came that about, says Phelim? "by Jafus he is not dead yet," said Florence.

Patrick O'Conner, had lived for two or three years with a farmer, in a part of Kent, where the chief of their animal food was salt pork, at last was determined to leave his service, and go to the Statute, to hire a new master, when meeting an old acquaintance by the way, cried, where are you going Patt? Faith, said he, to the fair, to buy a new master; Aye, said his friend, how comes that about? Why, because, replied Patt, I don't like their way of living, there is never nothing but salt pork; during the whole time I have lived there, I have tasted but one bit of fresh meat, and that was *salt fish and potatoes.*

Some gentlemen being in company with an Irish person of fortune, in a good humour'd way, laid a dozen of claret, that he would make a bull before he went to bed, and to induce him the more to do it, proposed that he should mention all the signs of the bull in that town, which he said were seven; as they knew there were but six, they imagin'd they had him at the best; after he had re-

peated six, he paused, and they desired to know where the seventh was, by J—f—s, says he, I had forgot the *red cow*, at the bridge-foot, at which, with a loud laugh, they said, that's a *bull*, then, replied the Irishman, upon my conscience, I have won the wager, for you made it a *bull*, and not me, at all, at all.

The late Harry Howard, of humorous memory, who wrote the song on the Queen's ass, to give himself some consequence, put to one of his proposals for a volume of poems,

By H. Howard, A. M. F. R. S.

Being asked by a Gentleman what he meant, he said, *As Master, and Fellow of the Ragged Society.*

In the pocket book of the said facetious choise spirit, at his death, was found his epitaph, which, as it may be agreeable to the lovers of mirth, it is thought proper to insert.

EPITAPH ON HARRY HOWARD.

Here lies a blade, who all his life,
With fortune held perpetual strife.
He skulk'd about from place to place,
To avoid a dunn, or balliff's face.
But now he's gone, nor fears a bum,
His debts are paid, and he's at home.
Thus after many seasons past,
He's fixt, and found at home at last,

A gentleman reading in the papers, that a certain tanner, was married to the daughter of an eminent butcher, said, there could be nothing more natural, than for *the Flesh to be joined to the Skin.*

A gentleman whose son and heir was not only foolish, but profligate; on his telling his father, that

that he wanted to go abroad or travel, and see the world, was answered, that his desires were quite different, for he did not wish the world to see him.

Jack Dunn, who was not only an excellent musician, but a painter also, being asked by a bailiff, if his name was not Dunn? guessing at his business, replied, No, it was undone.

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness on a trial for an assault; one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him, What distance he was from the parties, when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff; The carpenter answered, "Just four feet, five inches, and a half." "Prithee, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the carpenter, "I thought perhaps, that some fool or another might ask me, and so I measured it."

A gentleman going to take water at Whitehall-stairs, cried out as he came near the place, "Who can swim?" "I master," said forty bawling mouths. The gentleman, observing one sinking away, called after him; but the fellow, turning about, said, "Sir, I cannot swim." "Then you are my man," said the gentleman, "for you will, at least, take care of me, for your own sake."

An Irishman in Dublin, who wanted to come to England, went to a captain of a ship to agree for his passage. The captain told him what he would have; to which the Irishman agreed, provided he would take another ship along with him. "Why," says the captain, what should I do with another ship?" "Arrah now, honey, I will tell you, says Teague: Because, if your ship should be cast away,

then you shall have the other ship ready to carry me the remainder of my journey."

In the heat of an engagement, a sailor took his wounded comrade upon his shoulders; and carrying him down to the surgeon, the fellow in his way lost his head. "Why, says the surgeon, do you bring me a man without a head?" "Odso, says the sailor, he told me he had only lost his leg; but he was always a lying dog."

An Irishman being asked which was oldest, he or his brother? "I am eldest, said he; but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be both of an age."

An Irishman being in a storm at sea, ran to the Captain, and desired he would let him lock up his goods in some place of safety. The captain, seeing him a poor ragged fellow, asked him what goods he had got? "Arrah, honey, says Teague, I have got a knife, a tobacco-box, and a pair of gold coloured buckles; and I must desire you to lock them up fast, that if we should be cast away, I may know where to find them."

A countryman, that lived at London three years, when he went home, a friend asked him, *If he saw Whitehall?* No, says he. *Nor the Tower?* says the other. No, says he. *Strange!* replied his friend, *What could be the reason of it?* *Why truly,* says he, *the keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.*

A very harmless Irishman, drinking some white wine mixt with a little claret: "Arrah, now, dear honey, said he, if a little claret gives such a delicious taste, how would white wine taste, if it was all claret?"

One was very gravely saying, there were too sorts of fish allowed to be carried upon a Sunday, and that was *milk and mackarel.* One

One asked a great clerk how he might do to become wise? who answered, "In truth, friend, I can hardly resolve you; for you still go one way, and wisdom another, so that I cannot see how you can possibly meet."

Several Scholars went to steal rabbits, and by the way they warned a novice among them to make no noise, for fear of scaring the rabbits away. At last he espying some, said loud in Latin, "Ecci conniculi multi!" and with that the rabbits run into their boroughs: wherewith his fellows offended, and chiding him for it, he said, Who the devil would have thought that rabbits understood Latin!"

A young fellow, who had made away with all he had, even to his last suit of cloaths; a gentleman said to him, "Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, for you have put an end to all your cares." "How so?" said he. "Because, replied the other, you have nothing left to care for."

Nash seldom boasted of his family or learning; and his father's name and circumstances were so little known, that a certain doctor used frequently to say, "That Nash had no father." A dutchess, one day rallying him in public company upon the obscurity of his birth, compared him to Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his Father. "No, Madam, replied Nash, I seldom mention my father in company; not because that I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

A wench complained to a Justice that such a one would have refreshed her; "Thou meanest ravish, I suppose said the justice." Yes, Sir, said she, I meant so indeed: "I warrant, replies the Justice, this rogue has ravished thee many a time before

now?" " Yes, Sir, said she, to aggravate the matter, twenty times at least."

A woman having played false with her husband, he became extremely melancholy. And being asked, what his distemper was, answered, " I am only troubled with a *bad liver*."

A tenant of the Archbishop of York, came to his house at Selby, to pay some rent; and being in the hall, the Bishop came by, and asked who he was? " An't please your Worship's Honour, said he, I am come to bring you some rent." The Bishop going into the parlour, the servant told the man that he must say, *An't please your Grace*. The Bishop coming out again, the man, forgetting his lesson, says, *An't please your Worship's Honour*. They told him he must say *Grace*. " Must I so?" says he, then putting his hat before his eyes, he begins, *Sanctify O Lord, we beseech thee, &c.*"

Says one, thou art a very rogue: yes, said the other, and so are my betters. Sirrah, said the first, you are an arrant knave. " It may be so, says he; but I know you to be a *court card*; and, I am sure, you are neither *king* nor *queen*."

A gentleman eating some mutton that was very tough, said, it put him in mind of an old English poet. Being asked, who that was, — *Chaucer*, replied he.

One being in the water, desired his companion to come in also; to which he replied, " I can swim no more than a *dog*." He intreated him a second time to come in and try; " Indeed, you won't believe me, says he; I can swim no more than a *post*." And being more earnest the third time, he solemnly protested, " He could swim no more than a *goose*."

A country

A country fellow brought a letter to a gentleman's house, but he not being at home, he left it with a monkey that stood at the door. The gentleman afterwards meeting with the man, was very angry with him. "Sir, said he, an't please your worship, I delivered it to your son, who was at the door." "My son! says he: 'twas a monkey!"

"Truly, says the fellow, I thought it was your son, he was so very like you."

Mr. Fuller and Sparrowhawk walking together, among other merry discourse, says Fuller "What is the difference between an owl and a Sparrowhawk?"

"O! says Sparrowhawk, 'tis fuller in the face, fuller in the body, and fuller all over."

A notorious thief being to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in *Not Guilty*. The judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict *Not Guilty*. The judge asked them the reason. The foreman replied, "There is reason enough; for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world."

A Judge, taking a dislike to an old Peasant with a long beard, who appeared in court as an Evidence, told him, he supposed he had a conscience as large as his beard. "If you measured consciences by beards," said the old man, "Your Lordship has no *Beard* at all."

Daniel Burgefs, dining or supping with a Gentlewoman of his congregation, and a large un-cut Cheshire Cheese being brought upon the table, he asked her where he should cut it? She replied, *where you please*, Mr. Burgefs. Upon which he gave it

it to a servant in waiting, bid him carry it to his house, and he would *cut it at home*.

As my Lord Temple was sitting at table with my Lord Pomfret and some other lords, this last, speaking of the fair sex in general, affirmed there was not an honest woman among them all. If it be so, replied my Lord Temple, one of these two things will necessarily follow; "Your Lordship must either be a cuckold, and a son of a wh—re, or you have told a damp'd lie."

The Duke of Cumberland attacking a married lady, who was resolved no longer to suffer his addresses, dismissed him with this modest answer: "Whilst I was a child, I obeyed my mother; when I was grown up, I obeyed my father; and now that I am married, I obey my husband: so that if you desire any thing from me, your Royal Highness must get his consent."

A man having bought a horse at a fair, when the bargain was struck, and the money laid down, asked the countryman, whom he had bought it of, "to tell him, now, honestly, what faults he knew in the horse." "Why, faith, says the bumpkin, I know of none but one." "And what's that?" said the buyer. "He only wants a little memory," said the fellow. "What dost thou mean?" said the other. "Why, hark'e, master, said the man, I'm no sooner on the back of him, but down he comes; and though I bang him soundly for't, yet, ere he goes thirty yards, he forgets all, and down he comes again."

King Charles the second, coming through Shore-ditch into London, and observing a bank lately mended with horns, bade Lord Rochester, who was in the coach with him, take notice of it. "Ay, Sir, said Rochester, I see the citizens have laid

laid their heads together, to mend the way against your Majesty's coming by."

A country fellow appearing very unconcerned at a very moving sermon; he, who sat next to him, wondered he could hear such a discourse with so much indifference. "The sermon, said the fellow, is nothing to me: for I don't belong to this parish."

The late George Willis, a fellow in low life, but a man of a considerable share of wit, and of infinite comedy, coming home, very drunk, one afternoon, "this habit of drinking, said his wife, will certainly shorten your days;—Then, said George, my nights will be the longer."

Certain insolent fellows having presented themselves naked before Livia, the Wife of Augustus Cæsar, the Emperor would have condemn'd them to die; but Livia herself thought proper to intercede for them. "Naked men, said she, are but statues in the eyes of virtuous women."

A certain Duchess, in a late reign, hearing that a man in high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress; "Good God! said she, that old fellow is always robbing the public."

A country gentleman of no great breeding, happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him one day when he paid a visit to a lady to whom he made his addresses. "Dear me! cried the lady, what a pretty dog this is!—Madam, said he, it is not a dog; 'tis one of your own sex."

Soon after the accession of George the first, an ignorant justice of the peace, living in Clerkenwell, who had always supposed that *Anno Domini* was Latin for Queen Anne, hearing his Clerk read a mittimus, when he came to *Anno Domini*, cried out

out with some warmth, "And pray, Sir, why not GEORGIO DOMINI? Sure you forgot yourself strangely."

A fellow, who had picked up a few scraps of the French Tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman, with, "Quelle heure est-il, Monsieur?" (in French, What is it o'Clock, Sir?) to which the gentleman answered, *Nescio*, (in Latin, I don't know.) Damn it, said the fellow, "I did not think it was near so late;" and ran off, as though he had something of consequence to do.

In Southwark there is a small madhouse dependant on Guy's Hospital. In the first years of that hospital, a madman, having made his escape from one of the windows, crawled along over several houses. But coming at length to some bad tiling, it gave way, and part of his body went through, "Good God!" said a woman that was sitting in the room, who's there?"—"Hold your tongue, you bitch, said the madman, I am only come to make you a Sky-light."

A citizen invited some of his neighbours to a feast, his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman, accidentally spilt it on his hand, and for his carelessness, his father gave him a box on the ear. The son having recovered himself, gave the next man a good box. Being asked the reason, he said, "Come, come, let it go round, it will come to my father by and by, for I dare not strike him myself."

A taylor, who had a pretty young wife, having an occasion to go into the country, in the mean while his journeyman, a lusty young fellow, makes love to her, which she refuses. At last he vowed, he would come into the chamber, when

when she was in bed. "I vow, said she, if you do, I'll bring up the great knife, and lay it in the bed with me." At night, however, he comes up and opens the chamber door, and steals towards the bed; but recollecting the knife, was going away again. "Who's there?" says she. "'Tis I, madam, said he, I was resolved to lie with you to night, but that I remembered your vow of the knife." *O what a jade was I!* said she, *to leave the knife below in the kitchen.*

A madman rushed into a chamber with a drawn sword, and finding one there in bed, would have slain him; saying, "Villain, were it not valiantly done to strike off thy knave's head at one blow." The other answered, "Tut, Sir, that's nothing with your worship to do, you can as easily strike off two heads at one blow, as one; wherefore, if you please, I'll go down and call up another, that you may strike off both our heads at once." The madman believed him, and by that artifice he got away.

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, in a new coat: The parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? "The same people, said the shepherd, that cloath you; the parish." The parson nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty way, and sent his man back to ask the shepherd, if he would come and live with him? for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd accordingly, and delivered his master's message, concluding thereby that his master really wanted a fool. "Why, are you going away then?" said the shepherd. No, answered the other. "Then you may tell

tell your master," replied the shepherd, " his living won't maintain three of us.

A Flemish tyler in Flanders, accidentally fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tyler; and when offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Here-upon the judge said to him, if he did insist upon that sentence, " he should go up to the top of the same house, and fall down from thence upon the tyler."

An arch youth being one day asked at court, how it happened that the highest places, and most remarkable services, were not given to those persons who excelled in knowledge and judgment; but commonly to those who are generally deficient in those points? to which the other, drily and readily answered: " It is an old established custom which promises never to be forgotten, to lay the heaviest loads on asses, not on men."

Once the late Lord Pembroke, who happened to keep a number of hogs at his seat at Wilton, was one morning looking into the styes, and perceived a silver spoon thrown among their victuals. The hogs making more than common noise, caused one of the maids to come up, who endeavoured to silence them; and not perceiving his lordship at first, cried in a passion; " plague on the pigs what a noise they make." To which his lordship replied, " Aye, well they may, you bitch, when they have got but one silver spoon among them all."

A few days ago, a certain reverend gentleman and his friend, were passing Antony Bacon's house at Woodford, which stands upon a hill naked and without trees;—" Pray, says the parson, whose
house

house is that ?" "Bacon's," replied his friend.
 "Bacon," says the parson, "Then Bacon wants
 greens sadly."

THE LUCKY DREAM.

Three weary pilgrims travelling together had
 missed their road, and entered an exceeding thick
 wood. Night overtaking them before they were
 able to find their way out of this labyrinth: for
 which reason they laid themselves down beneath a
 tree, nigh a refreshing spring of water; and being
 thirsty, its cool and clear appearance invited them
 to drink thereof. After they had quenched their
 thirst, they perceived they had only bread enough
 for one person, and, that were it divided, it would
 not satisfy them all. One of them perceiving this,
 said, "let us sleep a little before we eat, and he
 that has the best dream, shall have all the bread, and
 the other two shall remain content with having
 none." "With all my heart," says the other. "I
 agree to it," says the last, provided all three lie
 down to sleep together." The two first, who were
 more fatigued than their partner, fell fast asleep in
 a short time, and the youngest, whose stomach did
 not seem to relish a vacuum, says to himself; I
 should indeed be a gross fool if I do not take advan-
 tage of my companions sleep, and having taken the
 bread, he eat it, and then, with great composure,
 fell asleep himself. Midnight had not passed, ere
 they were all awake, and began to recount the
 dreams they had during their sleep. "I thought,"
 says the oldest, that I was in a place upon earth,
 resembling a paradise, which was full of all manner
 of delights; where every pleasure was to be found,
 and every sense gratified; where they drink, sing,

F

and

and dance; where you walk in the most beautiful gardens; that in these gardens there was flowers that never faded; trees that ever retained a perpetual verdure, and bore excellent fine fruit, parterres and walks; birds, who, by their melodious warbling, charmed the ear; and, that in short, there was, every thing that could be thought of to please mankind."

"As I am naturally of a more wicked turn than you, (says the other) I thought I was gone to hell, where I saw nothing but miserable wretches who were in excruciating torment and agony. I heard nothing but mournful cries and horrid groans; and, whilst I was thus seized with fear, at sight of so much woe and misery, I awaked; so that I feel great pleasure and satisfaction in having had a dream, that by having terrified me, has given me occasion to be diverted afterwards, by the remembrance of it, which has made so great an impression on me, that it still remains in my mind, and for that very reason it is, that I pretend, that my dream is, without comparison, better than yours." "I," says the youngest, stretching his arms, and yawning, "have likewise been dreaming at the same time, with you both, that you was gone to paradise, and the other to hell; I, imagining within myself that neither of you would ever return again, in mistake have eat the bread, and by that means have gained the wager."

In a great storm at sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went all hands to prayers; in the midst of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain asked him what he meant by it:—"Why, Sir, said he, I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what a hissing it will keep by and by, when it comes into the water."

Scoggin

Scoggin being once very low in pocket, and meeting with a lord who was walking in the court, thought to wheedle him out of a broad piece, and coming up to him, said, "My Lord, I had a strange dream last night, and now half of it is out; for I dreamt that I met you here, and that you gave me a broad piece." "Well, says his lordship, then I will make out the other part," and so gave it him. "But stay, now I think on it, give me that again, for it is a piece my mistress gave me to keep for her sake." Scoggin readily returned it, in hopes of a better gratuity. "Now, said my lord, I'll tell you my dream, that it may be out likewise.—I dreamt, That I gave a fool money, and he had not the wit to keep it;" and so passed on, leaving Scoggin to scratch his ears, and fretting to be so out-witted.

King Charles II. was of a very merciful disposition, and it was with much unwillingness that he signed the warrant for the execution of criminals. One day the condemned roll being presented him by the Recorder of London for that purpose, the courtiers present interceded, some for one, and some for another, whom he crossed out, till there was but one left. Then he asked, who spoke for him? but none answering, "O! my conscience (says the king) this is some poor fellow, and wants money; I'll stand his friend;" and so struck him out.

A judge being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, directed the jury to value it at tenpence. Upon which the prosecutor cries out, "The fashion of it cost five pounds." "O! says the judge, we must not hang a man for fashion sake."

Tom B——t, happening to be at my Lord Mayor's show, in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, after two or three healths, the ministry was toasted ; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next him. At last the chief magistrate, not seeing his toast go round, called out, " Gentlemen, where sticks the Ministry ?" — " At nothing," says Tom, and so drank off his glass.

Several press-gangs infesting the streets of the city and suburbs, one of which giving umbrage to a merry punster, who had just staggered from a tavern into the middle of them ; he said, pleasantly enough, " God bless his Majesty's arms ! but as to the supporters, they are beasts."

The famous Buchanan being at dinner, where eating some soup too hot, it burnt his mouth, and at the same time broke wind back-wards : " it is well for you," said he, " that you made your escape ; for I should have burnt you alive if you had said."

A nobleman gave an old servant of his two boxes on the ear ; and the next day being displeased with one of his pages, merrily then said unto him, " I pray thee restore me one of the boxes I gave thee yesterday, to bestow upon this villainous boy." He answered, " My lord you had as good take them both now, lest I should be absent when you want the other."

An Irish gentleman went with some company to the theatre, just after the hoops of candles were removed from the stage, and was asked, how he approved of the alteration ? " Why, my dear shoul," replied he, " I think it is altered much for the best ; for the candles make the stage exceeding gay and brilliant, now they have taken them away."

Two Irishmen went a little way into the country, to see some of their friends ; and, drinking too freely, they were much in liquor. Their friends would fain have persuaded them to stay all night, but they were determined to go home. They set out accordingly ; but, before they had got a mile, one of them took a reel, and fell flounce into a ditch. The other, hearing him fall, called out, " Patrick, if you are dead, tell me." " No, honey, says Patrick, I am not dead, but I'm quite speechless."

A person desired advice of a friend of his, with relation to his conduct in life ; to whom the friend made this excellent answer : " Acknowledge a God, retain your own language, get the better of your passions, acquire learning, be firm in your religion, commit as little ill as possible, do all the good you can, hide the faults of your neighbours, relieve the necessitous, and expect heaven as a recompence."

A countryman and his wife having had some words, the man protested he would be revenged of her. " Why, what will you do ?" said she. " Do," replied he, " why, I'll go into the orchard, and drown myself in the pond." " Aye, do," says his wife ; and I'll go with you to see it done." They both went, and the man ran to the pond, as though he would jump in, but stopped when he came to the side of it. His wife upbraided him, called him coward, rogue, and villain, and said, she knew he had not the heart to do it. The man took another run, and stopped short, as before, and his wife continued to abuse him. At length he told her, he really had not the heart to drown himself ; but if she would tie his hands behind him, with his garters, (which would prevent his saving

his life by swimming) and push him in, she might, for he was weary of her ill temper. "Aye, you rogue, says she, that I will." She accordingly tied his hands behind him, and he went to the side of the pond. "Now, says the man, take a long run, and push me a good way into the water, that I may be soon out of my misery." "Aye, aye, you rogue, replied his wife, I'll push you far enough in, I'll warrant you." The man stood close by the pond, with his back towards it, and she went to some distance from him; and then came running towards him, that she might push him in with the more violence: but just as she came to him, he stepped aside, and she fell flounce into the water. She called to him to help her out, but he very calmly replied, "You may thank yourself; it is not in my power to help you, for you have tied my hands."

A person asked an Irishman, why he wore his stocking the wrong side outwards? Who answered, "because there was an *hole* on the other side."

A farmer of Heddington, that held a little estate by lease for three lives, and was a very good jumper, offered to lay a wager with another farmer of the same place, that he could jump over a stone-pit in that parish, that was five yards over; which being pretty deep, and the attempt very dangerous; a bystander endeavoured to dissuade him from so perilous a feat; and told him, he might lose his life by so doing. "What care I, said the farmer, han't I a lease of three lives."

An English gentleman being taken ill of a yellow fever at Jamaica; a lady, who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician that attended him, the propriety of making his will in a country where people are

are so apt to die. The physician, thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied, " Arrah, by my shoul, Madam, I wish you would tell me that country where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there."

Reasons why a gardener is the most extraordinary man in the world: addressed to a lady; because no man has more business upon earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of the *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*. He raises *cellary* every year, and it is a bad year indeed, that does not bring him in a *plumb*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state. He makes more *beds* than the French King, and has in them more *painted ladies*. He makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do, but makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. His wife has enough of *lad's-love* and *heart's-ease*, and never wishes for *weeds*. Distempers fatal to others, never hurt him. He walks the better for the *gravel*, and thrives most in a *consumption*. His greatest pride, and the world's greatest envy, is, that he can have *yew* when he pleases.

An Irishman having a looking glass in his hand, shut his eyes and placed it before his face; another asked him, Why he did so? " Upon my soul, says Teague, it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, said, " For although she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense." " Yes," says a pert young female in the company, " Country sense." " Why, faith, madam," says the fellow, " Country sense, is better, sometimes, than London impudence."

A very

A very amiable young lady coming into an assembly one evening, dressed in a slight silk, was received by several gentlemen present with great politeness. A haughty coquet, piqued at the respect with which she was received by the company, said she wondered people had the assurance to come into such a polite assembly, dressed in a *slight silk*? The lady very smartly replied, "That a *slight silk* was preferable to a *slight reputation*."

A gentleman living in Jamaica, not long ago, had a wife, not of the most agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, blessed, likewise, with a termagant spouse, asked the widower, if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would have for it. "No," said the other, "I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't *marry* again."

Certain University scholars, who passed some days at an Inn, determined, at going away, to joke with their landlord. Having made him sit down, they endeavoured to persuade him, that in every nineteen thousand years, there was a revolution in all terrestrial affairs; that the same people were born again, and passed their lives exactly in the same manner as they had done before; that it was so likewise with all brute animals, and, in short, that all transactions were repeated at every revolution. "Now, landlord," said they, "it happens that we are a little short of cash, and can't conveniently pay you: But, as we shall certainly be here again nineteen thousand years hence, we will as certainly pay you then; and so honest and well behaved a man as you appear to be, will, doubtless take our words
for

for it." The Inn-keeper heard them with a very grave countenance; and, after some little consideration, "Gentlemen," said he, "I have no objection to what you propose; for I hope I deserve the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, being willing to do what little good I can in the world, and to oblige others in all reasonable requests. But you are to consider, that you were here nineteen thousand years ago; at which time you had the same entertainment you have had now; and I well remember, you then made me the same promise you now make me, and went away without paying. You have, therefore, gentlemen, nothing to do, but discharge that former reckoning, according to your promise; and, as to the present reckoning, I'll give you nineteen thousand years credit for it with all my heart."

An arch boy being at table, where there was a piping hot apple-pye, put a bit into his mouth, and burnt it so, that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by, asked him, Why he wept? "Only," said he, because it is just come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth." "Pho! says the other, is that all?" So, whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathized with the boy, who, seeing his eyes brim full, with a malicious sneer, asked him, Why he wept? "A pok on you," said he, because you were not hanged, you young dog, the same day your grandmother died."

An Italian was accused for marrying five wives; when, being taken before the judge, he was asked, why he married so many? he answered, "In order to meet with a good one if possible."

A gallant standing in a great study, a gentleman ask'd him, what he thought of? He answered,
of

of nothing. What do you think of, said she, when you think of nothing? Truly, Madam, replied he, of woman's constancy.

The earl of Cadra, being a very valiant gentleman, armed himself on a time to go to engage the enemy, his gentlemen greatly wondered to see him so tremble and quiver all the time his armour was putting on; which the Earl perceiving, said, "See see, sirs, how basely my flesh quakes to think what a peck of troubles my adventurous heart will put it in anon."

A Welch drover, coming through Oxford, asked his companion, what out-landish people they were, which he saw walking on the parade before St. Mary's Church? The other, who was a sage in his own country, said, "Oot's hart I cannot hur see, they are parsons 'prentices."

A girl having been abused by a man under a pretence of marriage, she took a violent hatred to him, and sought all possible means to have vengeance for the injuries she had received. In the mean time, she became a methodist, and one day going to a sermon that was preached by the famous Mr. Romaine, she heard him inveigh bitterly against the seducers of women, which often obliges the unfortunate creatures, as he termed them, to become common prostitutes; but take care, said the doctor, young men, who now hear me speak, and I perceive are not few, take care what you do, for you are not only guilty, in the sight of God, of the crime you yourselves commit, when you debauch a woman, but also of all the crimes which she may afterwards commit in the same way, which will be imputed to you, as the person who first led her astray. The girl hearing this, the minute she came home, cried to a companion, I am content: I would

would not for a great deal have missed the sermon this evening, since it has taught me a method to be revenged of that villain, Dick Symonds. What method said the companion? Why, says she, having debauched me, I find God will set to his account all the whoredoms I shall hereafter be guilty of; and with the blessing of the Almighty God, I'll go upon the town directly, "and never leave, till I damn him to the pit of hell."

An honest country farmer had for many years been plagued with a cursed shrew of a wife, who was at last seized with an apoplexy, and to all appearance gave up the ghost. John, you may be sure, was glad enough of his release; but, the following Sunday, carrying the corpse to be buried, in going down a hill, the feet of one of the bearers slipped; and letting the coffin fall, gave such a shake to the body within, as brought the woman to herself, who soon began to thump and cry at a wicked rate; and, in short, the poor farmer was obliged to return home in much pretended joy for his wife's strange recovery. She lived with him six years longer, and then died in earnest. John set out with her once more for the church-yard, and coming to the place where the former accident happened; "pray, said he to the bearers, take care how you go down the hill."

An honest bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a narrow lane, and not giving way so readily as he expected; the parson, with an erected crest, told him, he was better fed than taught. "Very true, sir, (replied the farmer) for you teach me; and I feed myself."

It was said of one that remembered every thing he lent, but nothing he borrowed, "that he had lost half his memory."

As a tinker was crying for work, one asked him, "Why he did not stop the two holes in the pillory? says the tinker if you will lend me your head and ears, I'll lend you hammer and nails, and give you the work into the bargain."

Three jolly toppers, having been drinking almost the whole day, and knowing what a peal their wives would ring them when they came home, laid a wager among themselves of ten pounds a man, that they would do what their wives first commanded them. So coming to the first man's house, his wife had prepared a good staff for him; and as soon as he came home, fell upon him; he stepping back, trod upon an earthen dish, and broke it. "Ah, you rogue, said his wife, go break all do." So he took his stick, and broke the windows, and all the pots and pipkins, till at last she pushed him out of doors. Then they went to the second's house, his wife was of the same temper, and fell upon him: he striving for haste to get away, let a rousing f—t. "Ah, go sh—t you drunken rogue, cry'd she, go." So he let down his breeches and sh—t in the room. Then they went to the third's house, where the good man being pretty drunk stumbled over the threshold, "Ah, you drunken rogue, said his wife, go break your neck do." "A pox on you for a whore, said he, for you have made me lose my wager."

A woman desir'd of her husband some money to buy her a broad silver and gold lace to lay on her petticoat. To which he answer'd, no; for said he, once make you a gold finch, and you will prove a wag-tail all your life after.

Dr. Ratcliffe was remarkable for a sudden thought in extraordinary cases; he was once sent for

for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy ; and the Doctor soon perceived, that no application, internal or external, would be of any service ; Upon which he desir'd the lady of the house to order her cook to make a large hasty-pudding ; and when it was done, to let his own servant bring it up. While the cook was about it, he takes his man aside, and instructs him what he is to do. In a short time the man brings up the pudding in great order, and sets it on the table, in full view of the patient. " Come, John, said he, you love hasty-pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast." Both fell too with their spoons ; but John's spoon going twice to his master's once, the Doctor takes occasion to quarrel with him, and dabs a spoonful of hot pudding in his face. John resents it, and throws another at his master. This puts the Doctor in a passion ; and quitting his spoon, takes it up by handfuls and throws at his man ; who battles him again in the same manner, 'till they were both in a most woeful pickle. The patient, who had a full view of the skirmish, was so tickled at the fancy, that he burst into a laughter, which broke the quinsy, and cured him, for which the Doctor and his man were well rewarded.

One coming along late one night, was stopped by the constable, who asked him what he did out so late, and what was his name ? " My name, says he, is Twenty shillings." " Where do you live ?" says the constable. " I live, says he, out of the King's dominion." " So, says the constable, where have you been ;" Says he again. " Where you would have been with all your heart." " It may be so, says the constable, where are you going ?" " Where you dare not go for your ears."

“ I do not intend it, says the constable, to night, but you shall go to the Compter.” The next morning he was brought before a magistrate, who checked him for answering the constable so crossly. — “ Sir, says he, it was partly the truth, As to the first question, my name is Mark Noble. To the second, I live in Little Britain. To the third, I had been drinking a glass of good sack. And to the last, I was going to bed to my wife.” So, for the joke sake, was dismissed without fees.

There is a town in the Duke of Wirtemburgh's dominions, where the Inhabitants are remarkable for making blunders. The church, in the town, happened to stand pretty near the road. An arch wag, advised some of the strongest men in the parish to push it a little farther off; telling them, he would stand by, and let them know when they had moved it far enough. “ But how shall we know, said they, whether it moves or not ? ” “ Why, replied he, lay all your cloaks behind the church, as far as you would have it moved, and when it comes to them, I'll give you notice.” They did so; and, while they were pushing, he ordered his servant to take the cloaks privately away. Which being done, he cried out hastily, “ Hold ! hold ! hold ! what are ye at ? have you a mind to overturn the building ? ” Upon which they left pushing, and enquired what was the matter ? Matter, said he, why come and see what you have done ; instead of pushing it to your cloaks, you have pushed it over them ! ” When they had come to the other side of the church, and saw none of their cloaks, they were all amazement. At length one of the wise-
 acres, scratching his head, said very gravely, “ Neighbours, who'd have thought we had pushed it so far ! ”

A good

A good old woman being at the Sardinian ambassador's chapel, took two wax tapers, and set one of them before the image of St. Michael, and the other, without thinking what she did, before the devil, who stood at his feet; the priest taking notice of it, began to say to her, alas, good woman, what are you about? don't you perceive, that he you offer the candle to is the devil. To whom the woman replied, like a woman as she was, no matter, my good Sir, 'tis good to have friends every where, in hell as well as in heaven, for we don't know where we may go.

Lord F-l-m-th having a great itch for a gentleman's wife in the neighbourhood, employed her chambermaid in the affair; at their next meeting, he enquired what answer her lady had sent him, answer, says the girl, why she has sent you this for a token, "giving him a smart slap on the face." Aye, cried the old fox, rubbing his chops, "you have lost none of it by the way."

When Mynheer Bentick, grandfather to the present Duke of Portland, went to Wales to be present at a meeting of the gentlemen of that country, he attempted to make a speech in broken English, and addressed them in the following manner. Gentlemen, "I becom deer for all your goods," Ay, ay, replied Sir Watkin Wynne, "and our chattles too."

A gentleman having wrote an eulogium on the Duke of G—f—n, shewed it to Mr. Smollet, and desired his opinion; in the first page, Smollet was struck with the words, "Thou peerless peer," oh, my dear friend, says he, this is an intolerable error, for heaven's sake strike it out, and let it stand, "Thou graceless peer!"

C O N U N D R U M S.

1. **W**HY is a pack of cards like Newgate ?
Because it hath knaves in it.
2. Why is swearing like an old coat ?
Because it is a bad habit.
3. Why is a fortunate man like a straw in the water ?
Because he goes on swimmingly.
4. Why is a cunning man like a shoe-maker ?
Because he'll pump you.
5. Why is a married woman like a bear in the street ?
Because she's ring'd.
6. Why is a sedan like the world ?
Because it is between two Poles.
7. Why is a man with a bad memory like a covetous man ?
Because he is for-getting.
8. Why is a sword-belt like a cow upon a common ?
Because it goes round the waste.
9. Why are lamps like the Thames ?
Because they have lighters.
10. Why is a pen like a beau ?
Because its feather-head.
11. Why is the Playhouse like a punch bowl ?
Because it is best when full.
12. Why is an apron like peas ?
Because its gathered.
13. Why is a fish-hook like a bull ?
Because it is sometimes baited.
14. Why is a buttock of beef like a traitor ?
Because it goes to pot.
15. Why is an eye-lid like a wadding to a gun ?
Because it covers the ball.
16. Why is an ale-house the best comfort to a disappointed man ?
Because there he'll be sure to carry his point.
17. Why is an honest friend like orange-chips ?
Because he's candid.
18. Why is a little man like a good book ?
Because he is often looked over.
19. Why

19. Why is a smith a dangerous companion? W 38
Because he deals in forgery.
20. Why are coals like a poor labouring man? W 38
Because they feed the grate.
21. Why is a pick-pocket like a bridegroom? W 40
Because he's generally transported.
22. Why is a peruke-maker like a bird-catcher? W 41
Because he has variety of cauls.
23. Why is a candle like a tobacconist? W 42
Because it makes snuff.
24. Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine? W 43
Because it has a cork in it.
25. Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot? W 44
Because it is out of the head.
26. Why is a furly dog like a sharper? W 45
Because he bites.
27. Why is a man's toes like an ironmonger's shop? W 46
Because they have nails in them.
28. Why is a book like a fruit-tree in spring? W 47
Because it is full of leaves.
29. Why is a red hair'd lady like a band of soldiers? W 48
Because she bears firelocks.
30. Why is a man on horseback like a fan? W 49
Because he is mounted.
31. Why is a barrel of beer almost drawn out, like a country waggon? W 50
Because it is tilted.
32. Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion? W 51
Because she dresses well.
33. Why is a woman's tongue like a good clock? W 52
Because it never stands still.
34. Why is a watch-maker like a gardener? W 53
Because he sets time.
35. Why is Wales like a neck of mutton? W 54
Because 'tis craggy.
36. Why are weather-cocks like the sea? W 55
Because they wave.
37. Why are gay jests like being tickled? W 56
Because they make us laugh.

38. Why is a dancing-master like a cook?
Because he cuts capers.
39. Why is the Pope like a pepper-box?
Because he is holy.
40. Why is a smart girl like a nobleman?
Because she is laced.
41. Why is a complaisant man like a tree?
Because he's full of bows.
42. Why are shoes like men of knowledge?
Because they are great understanders.
43. When is a woman in haste to curl her hair?
When she wants to go out strait.

R I D D L E S.

1. I More than women's fancy change,
Yet never leave my post or range.
2. I daily breathe yet have no life,
And kindle feuds yet cause no strife.
3. By my assistance merchants speak,
Tho' many seas asunder;
And yet I'm dumb, and soft and weak,
And is not that a wonder?
4. What force and strength could not get through,
I with a gentle touch can do;
And many in the street would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand.
5. Ever eating, never cloying;
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
'Till I eat the world at last.
6. I cannot either eat or drink:
I often speak, yet never think:
I teach men lessons how to die,
And very seldom tell a lie.
7. Not all that can be sung or said,
Will aught avail without my aid.
8. My voice is heard a mile or two,
I talk so very loud?
I speak when lovers cease to woo,
And when they wear a shroud.
9. Four

9. Four people set down one evening to play:
They play'd all that evening, and parted next
day.

Could you believe me when I tell you, as thus
they all sat,

No fifth person play'd with them, nor did any
one bet:

Yet when they rose up, they each gain'd a guinea,

Tho' neither did lose to the amount of a penny.

10. At two days old good Latin I speak.

Tho' for it I ne'er went to school;

Arms I have four, which come out of my back;

And in yellow am dress'd like a fool.

11. A stranger came to the house of a gentleman in
Leicestershire, in a miserable condition, bare-footed,
bare-headed, and without breeches or coat, crying in a
most pitiful manner. The family were greatly alarmed,
as indeed were the whole neighbourhood; and the gen-
tlewoman (who is very timorous) was so dreadfully af-
fected with the manner of his coming, that she took to
her bed, and did not get the better of it for some weeks.
Her husband (who is a very affectionate man) took com-
passion on him, and treated him more like a familiar,
than an enemy; and, indeed, if some had not had com-
passion on him, he must have died, for he was so weak,
it was not possible he could have reached the next town.
His wife too was as willing as himself that the poor
stranger should be harboured. They cloathed the poor
creature from top to toe; generous treatment to one
they never saw before! and tho' the neighbours disco-
vered admiration, yet not one brought to much as an
old hat or a pair of breeches to put on him; however,
he was let to want for nothing. After he had been
clothed, several persons talked to him, as many others
have done since; but not a word could be got out of
him, neither where he came from, where intended go-
ing, what was his name, or what countryman he was;
neither threatenings or promises have any effect upon
him: however they gave him a name, Moses. His dis-
position is such, that no ill language will move him;
if you call him rogue or villain, he will laugh in your
face. You would then say he is very good natured; but
at

at other times he is so cross and fretful, that all the house cannot please him, so uneven is his temper. As to his person, he has an engaging countenance, very fair, his eyes blue, light hair like flax, as if he was very young; but then he has never a tooth in his head, as though he was very old; yet his having no teeth does not at all affect his speech, but he is as fluent, as much of an orator without them, as he would be with them. Whoever goes into Leicester-shire may speak with this extraordinary person, without the least offence; and I dare say, they will find every thing correspond with the above account, if there be no considerable alteration before that time. He is like a traveller, that having been used to all sorts of company, is never dashed, or bashful, and he is such a master of languages, that if you speak to him, Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, he can answer you full as well as in English, which is his mother tongue.

R. E. B. U. S. S. E. S.

1. MY waistcoat, coat, and breeches too,
Expose my charmer's name to view;
And every porter's brawny thigh,
Can tell her name as well as I.

2. What's done when we buy, & done when we play,
Is the name of a lady that's sprightly and gay.

3. What expresses four points, when rightly connected,
Will exhibit a thing that in war is expected.

4. What's warm to the earth, and in winter
oft seen,

What we say of a thing that is perfectly clean,
Will either discover the damsel I mean.

5. Take the contra to low,

And the one half of gave;

But that will not show,

The place you must have:

Then in the next case,

Take the one half of tell:

No doubt but the place,

You know vey well.

6. Take

6. Take a 5th of the North, and a 4th of the East,
And add to these two, a fourth part of the West;
Then join a large number by weight, which will tell,
A wonderful man, who in England did dwell.

7. Take four sevenths of mansion, and if rightly
I thought, how would I find it?
The place where a hare does often resort;
These put together, If rightly I guess,
A large trading town will to you express.

8. A plant, tho' its mild, yet 'tis fragrantly sweet,
A sudden expression, when sorrow we meet,
A primitive metal, some Jupiter call,
A state that was forfeited by our first fall,
Their initial letters cement, 'twill declare,
The name of a place much approv'd by the fair.

9. From what no mortal man is free;
What, whilst we name it, slides away;
What, for industry justly fam'd;
By what at first all things were nam'd,
What ne'er to reason will give heed;
What was on Aaron's breast display'd;
What oft times does deceitful prove;
And 'till what time we promise love;
Join their initials, 'twill implore
A Borough fam'd in days of yore.

10. Take the half of a passion most fervent in youth,
And a two-angled letter set down;
Then a title in Spain, and 'twill shew with you truth,
Then a name of an opulent town.

SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES.

- 1 A weathercock. 2 A pair of bellows. 3 A pen.
4 A key. 5 Fire. 6 A clock. 7 Hearing.
8 A bell. 9 Four musicians. 10 A guinea.
11 An Infant.

SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES.

- 1 Miss Button. 2 Miss Selwin. 3 News. 4 Miss
Snow. 5 Highgate. 6 Newton. 7 Mansfield.
8 Bath. 9 Stamford. 10 London.

A Puzzling Question, to try Wit.

A woman went to market and bought 6 Hares, 8 Turkeys, and 10 Geese for 3*l*. 13*s*. Being ask'd, What she gave a piece? She answer'd, if I had bought 1 Hare and 2 Turkeys more, I must have paid 10*s*. more; and if I had bought 8 Turkeys and 2 Geese more, I must have paid 8*s*. more, and if I had bought 1 Hare and 2 Geese more, I must have paid 9*s*. more. *Query*, The price of a Hare, a Turkey, and a Goose?

The ANSWER.

Six Hares, at 4*s*. each, comes to 1*l*. 4*s*. Eight Turkeys, at 3*s*. each, comes to 1*l*. 4*s*. And ten Geese, at 2*s*. 6*d*. each, comes to 1*l*. 5*s*. Total, 3*l*. 13*s*.

SENTIMENTAL TOASTS.

1. **D**isinterested friendship and ardent love.
2. The Taylor's game, all-fours and my lady's hole.
3. The lock that opens to every key.
4. The private passage, but damn the back-door.
5. The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.
6. The rose of pleasure without the thorn.
7. Wit without bitterness, and mirth without noise.
8. The two that makes a third.
9. May the men leave roving, and the women deceit.
10. May all honest souls find a friend in need.
11. May our great men be good, and our good men great.
12. Health, peace, and plenty.
13. Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
14. May the miser grow poor, and the benevolent rich.
15. May our passions be slaves to us, not we to our passions.
16. May reason guide the helm, when passion blows the gale.
17. May the single be married, and the married happy.
18. Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.
19. Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.
20. May he who wants friendship, also want friends.

A BULLSONG:

I N the days of my youth, I was sensible crazy,
And courted a lass that was active and lazy:

Her eyes were as black as the snow in December

Her teeth were as white as a snow in November,

Derry down, &c.

The skin of this aged young girl was so yellow,

'T would conquer the heart of any young fellow :

Her lips were as red as a boil'd piece of mutton ;

Her pretty wide mouth was as round as a button.

Derry down, &c.

Her white swelling breasts were as flat as a trencher,

As fair as the conscience of any old wench ;

Her lovely thick waist was surprizingly slender :

Her hands were so hard, they were supple and tender.

Derry down, &c.

With transports I shut both my eyes to behold her ;

And thus all my mind, in deep silence I told her :

" I love you, my dear, as a thief loves a halter

" And, if you'll consent your condition to alter,

" Arrah, will I marry you dear Sally Pöker : "

Derry down, &c.

EPIGRAMS.

A Reason why we love

Is out of reason,

Unless we can prove

That love has reason.

A ragged prigg extoll'd himself.

As born of men of note ;

Cries Blunt, " you've got a coat of arms,

" But no arms to your coat."

ON WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone.

Dug from the Indian mine;

Which boasts two various pow'rs in one,

To cut as well as shine.

Genius like that, if polish'd right, H
 With the same gift abounds ;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds,

On a BEAU, who was always looking in a glass.
 He admires his cloaths, how elegant they sit,
 And spans his waist, as slender as his wit.

On a pretty LADY of ill Temper.
 Did Celia's person and her mind agree,
 What mortal cou'd behold her, and be free ;
 But nature has in pity to mankind,
 Enrich'd the image, and defac'd the mind.

E P I T A P H S.

On a Grave-stone in Cirencester Church-yard.
 Death takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
 And leaves the bad ; too bad to take away.

A N O T H E R.

Death is a fisherman, the world we see
 A fish pond is—and we the fishes be ;
 He sometimes, angler like, does with us play,
 And slyly takes one by one away.

An I R I S H Love Letter.

Arrah, my honey, my dear, and my jewel
 I love you far better than nothing at all !
 If ye resolve to remain always cruel,
 By Patrick, I'm sure, it will cost me a fall.
 Then take me my sweet one, into your good graces ;
 Be after consenting, I'll call you my wife ;
 I'll make you a lady, to wear silk and laces
 And ride in a chair all the days of your life.



